The Nation.

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The Week.

Garret A. Hobart was a stranger to the country when he was nominated for Vice-President in 1896, but he became well and favorably known before the campaign of that year was over. His speech to the committee of notification showed that he was a man not only of sense, but also of courage, at a time when the leaders of his party, from McKinley down, were still shrinking from the money issue which the party plainly had to meet. Mr. Hobart frankly admitted that this must be the one issue, and he came out boldly, squarely, and explicitly for gold as the standard, at a moment when many other politicians hardly dared to whisper the word. His letter of acceptance was still better. He not only declared that he believed in an "honest dollar," but insisted that the nation should define that term in a way which the whole world would understand. Mr. Hobart will always deserve honor for making this admirable statement of a policy which his party has yet to carry out:

> "Any nation which is worthy of credit or confidence can afford to say explicitly, on a question so vital to every interest, what it means, when such meaning is challenged or doubted. It is desirable that we should make it known, at once, and authoritatively, that an 'honest dollar' means any dollar equivalent to a gold dollar of the present standard of weight and fineness. The world should likewise be assured that the standard dollar of America is as inflexible a quantity as the French Napoleon, the British sovereign, or the German twenty-mark-piece."

As Vice-President, Mr. Hobart cast one momentous vote in favor of imperialism, when he defeated the Senate resolution granting the Filipinos independence on the same terms as the Cubans. He was a tactful presiding officer. If his health had not broken down, there would have been no opposition in his party to his renomination.

The meeting of the executive committee of the national Democratic committee and other leading Bryanites at Chicago on Monday served simply to show how hopelessly the party is tied to a losing cause. Even such men as Senator Jones of Arkansas understand that new issues are necessary for a hopeful fight next year, but everybody couples this admission with the statement that of course the Chicago platform of 1896 will be reaffirmed, and the candidate who stood upon it before will be named again. "Who shall deliver us from the body of this death?" is the question of every one, and the answers include Trusts, imperialism, and militarism. They do not appear to see that there is no escape, except through an entirely new platform and new man. To talk about running Bryan in 1900 on the reaffirmed Chicago platform of 1896 and not have Bryanism the issue, is every whit as absurd as it would have been to suggest in 1892 that the Democrats could nominate Cleveland for President after his tariff-reform message of 1887 and campaign of 1888, and not have tariff reform in everybody's mind during the campaign as the reason for voting one way or the other.

In Nebraska the official returns confirm the impression created by the first reports, that the success of the Fusionists was rather a personal triumph for Bryan, who had staked everything on the result, and an indication of State pride in a "favorite son," than a verdict against the McKinley Administration and its policy of expansion. Indeed, it now looks as though the Republicans might have carried the State, after all, if they had not pitted a weak candidate against the strongest Fusionist for head of the ticket, since one of the Bryan nominees for university regent barely escaped defeat, and the other apparently has less than 6,000 plurality. The Republican party as a national organization has long been sadly handicapped in Nebraska by the mismanagement, and worse, of its State leadership. The chief Republican newspaper in the commonwealth has frankly confessed, since the recent election, that this disaster to the party, like previous ones, is due to "foolhardy leadership, defiance of public sentiment, subserviency to corporate power, corruption in public office, and disreputable appointments." If the Republicans of Nebraska had been led by such a man as Gov. Shaw of Iowa, upon such a record as his, neither State pride nor the utmost efforts of Bryan to show personal strength at home could have saved the Fusionists.

The Democratic Governor-elect of Maryland makes short work of the claim put forward by Bryan and his followers that the change in the political control of his State means a victory for Bryanism in national politics. He declares that "the campaign was fought and won strictly on State issues." The Republican attempt to drag in the money question was a failure, because every candidate on the successful ticket was a "gold Democrat." In short, the result signifies nothing as to the attitude of Maryland in a campaign on national issues. The Governor-elect does not say so, but it, of course, follows as a logical conclusion that the Republicans will stand the better chance of carrying the State again in 1900, as they did in 1896, if Bryanism shall once more be the line of division between parties.

The Philippine Commission's hasty contribution to the Republican campaign literature has opened the way to a serious consideration of some of the problems brought upon us by our leap into the Philippine darkness. The Commissioners have begun with one of the most delicate—the question of the admission of the Chinese to the islands. Here they must consider not only the undoubted value of the Chinese in developing the archipelago, but also the effect of their exclusion upon China, in whose trade and internal commercial exploitation we are now so much interested. The prompt protest of the Chinese Minister against Gen. Otis's exclusion order must still be fresh in their minds, while the deep Pacific Coast prejudices can also not be forgotten. In view of the grave constitutional problems involved, which, like many in Porto Rico, can be settled only by decisions of the Supreme Court, it is evident that their recommendations must be carefully and diplomatically drawn to carry weight. In this connection a statement made by one of the ablest of our younger naval officers, Lieut. Albert P. Niblack, is of interest. Writing in the Proceedings of the Naval Institute, after six months or more of Philippine cruising, he says, speaking of our future in the islands: "There is one thing, however, we must get rid of, and that is our artificial, narrow, and senseless prejudice against the Chinese, who, of all the Asiatics, are individually the only trustworthy, commercially the only honest, and, as employees, the only faithful people who are at hand as the true instruments to use in making these islands a veritable treasure trove. To restrict them in any way will be a political blunder and commercial suicide."

We are delighted with the *Outlook's* treatment of the existence of polygamy and slavery in the Sulu Islands. It pushes Mr. Dooley hard for humor, albeit unconscious. Says this erstwhile religious paper, "The vice of polygamy is not chiefly in the multiplicity of wives, but in the unbridled licentiousness which leads to a multiplicity of wives; and the evil of slavery is not primarily in the absolute control of one man by another man, but in the selfishness and the despotic spirit which lead to such absolute control." Hence the *Outlook* is against "immediate abolition" of either polygamy or slavery. It is much impressed by the wisdom of "the Mosaic dispensation" in tolerating evil.

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We must labor to get rid of licentiousness and selfishness, and then, don't you see? polygamy and slavery will fall of themselves. That is the true "Mosaic method." That is also, we may add, the ante-bellum Southern method. Slaveholders at the South were far mightier in the Scriptures than the *Outlook*, and knew all about the comforts of "the Mosaic dispensation." Indeed, a little skilful exegesis would make us all sure that "Cursed be Canaan" was really written of the Moros. It may be a little harder to get round the Constitution of the United States, which decrees "immediate abolition" of slavery wherever our jurisdiction may run; but, Lord love you, if religion can thus be nicely adapted to polygamy and slavery, it ought to be an easy matter to twist mere law so as to please the powers that be.

Gen. Ludlow, in his brief and informal speech at the Chamber of Commerce reception on Thursday, gave it as his opinion that the "present generation will have to pass away before the Cubans can form a stable government," and that to give universal suffrage to such a people would be to make of Cuba a second Hayti. "The Cubans," he said, "are all orphans. They are not as we are. They are Latins, and belong to a dying race, which seems not capable of reconstruction as a stable people as is the Anglo-Saxon." There is nothing in this which should be news to us, but it will be news to a great many people who have accepted the assurances of the Imperialist prophets that the mere passing of the island under American control would be sufficient to transform, as if by magic, the civilization of a dying people into that of a living and progressive nation. The same delusion was held about the Philippines. Even the wise and far-seeing McKinley appeared to think that a proclamation full of assurances of good intentions would so transform the Filipinos as not only to make them love and trust us, but make them prefer our manners and customs, even our morals and religion, to their own. In fact, the fourteen months of American rule in Manila have been worse than a failure, so far as persuading the Filipinos that our civilization is better for them than their own is concerned. They not only refuse to love us, but they distrust us equally with the Spaniard. We have made less progress with them, naturally, than we have with the Cubans, because we have been shooting them down while assuring them of our good intentions; but in both cases it is very evident that we have loaded ourselves with a sufficient burden of problems to make us as a people doubt whether, after all, expansion was worth while.

Gen. Ludlow's remarks about the need of waiting a long time before Cuba will be fit for self-government have been taken very ill in Havana by the ardent advocates of independence. They say his speech will end his usefulness in the island. It would seem to be more important, however, to know whether what he said is true. The immediate-independence organs in Cuba—like *La Discusión*—have been angry at many things of late. They object strongly to the appointment of Leonard Wood as Civil Governor. Not that they have anything against Wood, but when is Cuba for the Cubans going to begin? Similarly displeased are they with the appointment of a young and highly recommended Harvard graduate as Superintendent of Schools. It is admitted that Cuban schools are in a shocking condition—they need almost to be created as well as superintended; but are there no Cubans to do the work? Behold the ingratitude of a republic! It actually wants to be a republic. But the good and patient McKinley can point to the joint resolution authorizing him to occupy the island until its "pacification" is complete, and can ask what clearer sign there could be of not being pacified than objections to his invariably wise course of action. You don't like what I do? Then, of course, you are not fit to govern yourselves.

Secretary Gage's final decision to adopt the policy pursued ten years ago by Secretaries Fairchild and Windom and redeem unmatured Government bonds at the market premium, officially recognizes the fact that the Treasury system is a disturbing influence in the money market, and that unusual measures must be taken to offset that influence. To this extent the move is undoubtedly commendable. It may also be said that, in years of surplus revenue, the Treasury has always hitherto obeyed the letter of the sinking-fund law, which requires "the purchase or payment of 1 per centum of the entire debt of the United States, to be made within each fiscal year." By use of legal technicality the Treasury has suspended such purchases since the public deficit began in 1892. With a surplus revenue returning, it is proper enough that the sinking-fund proviso should operate again. To the business community the significance of the Treasury's offer will of course lie in the means of relief thus provided in case the money market should run into really acute stringency. The danger from the Treasury's routine operations in existing circumstances arises less from what the Treasury has done already than from what it might do. Thus far in the present month public expenditure has exceeded public income, and the surplus revenue for the fiscal year to date is less than $7,000,000; but the recent course of events has shown that sudden increase in the revenue is possible at any moment. Such withdrawals into the Treasury's locked-up hoards might occur, unless offset by some process like bond resumption, at the most awkward moment.

We have been accustomed to look upon bond purchases and the pouring out of Treasury funds therefor as an interference with the natural course of business, whereas the accumulation of money in the Treasury is itself the interference. It is immaterial whether the accumulation arises from a surplus of revenue over expenses, or from the payment of old debts like the Pacific Railroad refunds, or from the sale of bonds which preceded the war with Spain, or what you please. It is a disturbance of the natural and normal course of events. The restoration of unused funds to the money market is merely a method of undoing what has previously been done artificially and unnaturally. The Government is merely one corporation transacting business among many smaller ones. It carries the mails. It fights battles when there is a war in progress. It preserves order. It keeps courts open for the administration of justice. It does a great many things which are socially needful, but which cannot be performed by private persons. To do these things it requires a portion of the earnings of the community. But in all this we find nothing which justifies an accumulation of a store of money beyond what a private corporation would carry; that is to say, a working balance of perhaps $50,000,000, plus the amount set apart for greenback redemption. So much may be justly accounted a necessary interference with the normal course of the money market, or necessary under our laws. All beyond it is artificial and unnatural. It is a part of this artificial and unnatural system that there should be wide differences of opinion between individuals on the question, whether there is a stringency in the money market or not, and whether the stringency, if it exists, is such as to warrant a purchase of bonds by the Treasury; and, if so, how many bonds ought to be purchased. If our treasury system were like that of other nations of the first rank, such questions would never arise. The public money, whether more or less, would be in bank, subject to check when wanted, and, when not wanted, would be at the service of the business community.

Senator Hanna announces in an interview at Cleveland that the ship subsidy bill, which failed for want of time in the last Congress, will be taken up and passed in the approaching session. "The bill will be fiercely opposed by a strong lobby, backed up by foreign capital," he says. If that is true, it will be a battle between two lobbies, the Hanna-Payne bill being itself the product of

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one of them. It is a bare-faced grab at the public treasury, and if successful will be the forerunner of many others. Mr. Lubin's bill for a bounty on exports of agricultural products is much more meritorious. It ought to be attached to the Payne-Hanna bill, with a proviso that the bounty be paid to the farmers whose products are exported. Bounties for all industrious and meritorious persons ought to engage the consideration of Congress in conjunction with the ship subsidy bill. The per-diem pension bill will not be far behind it, we judge, and this is certainly more meritorious than the Hanna-Payne bill. Indeed, there is no rascally scheme in the lobby at Washington which may not claim the same right of access to the public chest.

An instructive article by Mr. Calvin Tomkins in Thursday's *Evening Post* reminds us that the Printing-paper Trust gets its power to monopolize opportunities and charge high prices from the duties which we impose on imported wood-pulp and paper. The case is clear, and the evils of these tariff duties are almost self-evident. Everybody knows that we are greatly injuring our country and rendering it less productive and more unhealthful by stripping the timber off our mountains. This absurd tariff compels us to strip 625 square miles each year of spruce wood. It is a tax on our natural resources as well as a tax on intelligence. Canada has plenty of spruce which could be removed without seriously affecting her climate or waterways, and without injury to her citizens. To make doubly sure that the United States should not benefit by Canada's inexhaustible supplies, there was inserted in the Dingley bill a clause providing "that if any country or dependency shall impose an export duty on pulp-wood exported to the United States, the amount of such export duty shall be added as an additional duty to the duties herein imposed."

Much light was thrown upon the Tin-Plate Trust on Thursday by the testimony of William H. Griffith before the Industrial Commission. Mr. Griffith was a manufacturer of tin-plate at Washington, Pa. His company was sold out to the Trust last year without his sanction. He told the Commission that his company cleared 20 per cent. in profits last year when the price of tin was $2.60 a box, the lowest ever known for plate. He also said that at times the profits of his company were fully 100 per cent.—*i. e.*, that the cost of the works was repaid by the profits of a single year. His testimony went far to settle the question whether the advance in the price of tin-plate was due to the advance in raw materials and wages. On this point he said that, since the Trust had been organized, prices of tin-plate had advanced from $2.60 to $4.65 a hundred pounds. This advance was out of proportion to the advance in wages and raw material. He made a calculation to show that $3.84 would be a profitable price under present conditions. Regarding the Trust organization, he said that while the American company was capitalized for $50,000,000, the plants comprised in the combination could have been bought at the time the combination was effected for $12,000,000. He had understood that the promoters of the combination had received $10,000,000 in common stock for their services. He thought that a protective duty on tin-plate was necessary to make the industry profitable, but that the present duty was unnecessarily high.

These are rather startling statements, and are likely to have an influence in the next political campaign, but there are other facts of a sinister nature which Mr. Griffith ventilated freely. He said that the sale of his plant at Washington, Pa., to the Trust had been made on the plea that it was necessary to prevent competition. He did not believe in this method of carrying on the tin-plate industry, and he was, therefore, preparing to reënter the field as a manufacturer, but he had found that the Trust had secured control of the manufacture of tin-plate machinery as well as of tin-plate itself. In proof of this he said that a manufacturing company which had entered into an agreement with him to supply him for five years, had already refused to fill an order after an official of the Trust had become a large owner of the stock of that company. The restriction, he said, also extended to the independent manufacturers of sheet-iron; the American company refusing to sell to them except on the stipulation that they would not sell their product to the makers of tin-plate. Furthermore, the combination refused to supply jobbers and others with their especial brands except on condition that they would assign their brands to the Trust. Here is an assembling of facts going to prove that the tariff is the mother, not of all Trusts, but indisputably of this one. The avowed object of the framers of the McKinley bill, as of all such bills, was to secure eventually a lower price for the article by domestic competition. But the makers of the article, the beneficiaries of the tariff, had no such design. They adopted measures to prevent any such result. They consolidated the various establishments, put up the price of tin-plate as high as the tariff would allow, made a gigantic speculation at the expense of the people who buy and use tin-ware, and then got control of all the tin-manufacturing machinery in the country in order to prevent anybody else from competing with them.

Mr. Platt has rarely revealed himself as the Government of the State more fully and freely than he is doing at present. His observations both upon the organization of the new Legislature and upon the legislation of the year are as confident in tone and as illuminating in substance as Mr. Croker's were when he unfolded on the witness-stand his methods of directing our city government. Was he in favor of amending the charter through a commission appointed by the Governor? Certainly not. Who suggested it? "Some newspaper probably." Out upon such nonsense. The charter needs amending now, not in the next century, and the proper persons to do it are a Republican Legislature. As to who the Legislature is, Mr. Platt has no doubt whatever. The new lower house of it, to be sure, has never met. Its Republican majority has given no indication of its choice for Speaker, for the simple reason that the members who compose it have never come together, and will not till the 1st of January. But what of that? Mr. Platt has not only selected the Speaker, but he is selecting the chairmen of the committees whom the Speaker is to appoint, and is arranging in this city the full organization of the body. Will Mr. Fallows be chairman of the committee on cities? "I think likely," says Mr. Platt. "He is a good man for the place." No intimation or suggestion that the Speaker, who is yet to be chosen, will have anything to say about it. "I favor," says the Government, "the abolition of one branch of the Municipal Assembly." As for the State police bill he "really cannot talk about that yet." He will talk with the Governor about it next week. That is the one weak spot in the deliverance. What under the sun has the Governor got to do about it? Is not Mr. Platt the entire Government?

A press dispatch some time ago announced that Dr. Jameson and Sir John Willoughby, another Raider, had sailed for South Africa. Later came news that Jameson at any rate had not been allowed to go to the front. This may have been in consequence of the public protest made by bluff Lord Charles Beresford against employing these men at all in the war. He said at a Conservative meeting that the Raid was the most contemptible occurrence in the country's history for many a year. What would foreign countries think if they saw its leaders again in Government employ? What could they think except that the Government secretly approved of the Raid and sympathized with those who took part in it? Admiral Beresford emphatically declared that Jameson and Willoughby should be sent to some other place during the fighting. Apparently they have been, and the decent opinion of mankind scores once again.

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THE CIVIL-SERVICE FABLE.

We are always glad when we see an Imperialist resorting to argument, based either on the facts of history or on principles of human nature, in lieu of boastings about the greatness and glory of the United States, the readiness of the American people "to take responsibility," and the folly of the Filipinos in allowing themselves to be shot down like game sooner than submit. When driven to the wall by real Americans, and forced to concoct some theory for the benefit of those who are horrified by these massacres, Jingoes some months ago got up a very ridiculous story that, by subduing and annexing the Philippines, we should get civil-service reform, which we had found out we were unable to get at home because the wise McKinley did not think it would be good for us. Within a few day we have discovered that the fiction has effected a certain lodgment in the minds of many plain people whose consciences had been sufficiently pricked by the "duck-hunting" of "the niggers" in the Philippines, to long to be able to tell of some good thing coming for us white Protestant Christians as a result of our war. They have accordingly taken up the professorial story that, by conquering the Philippines, we shall have civil-service reform here at home, inasmuch as it was only by conquering India that the British got it in England.

This invention has been the more inexcusable because the whole story of the way in which the British got their civil-service reform has been told with great lucidity, if with some prolixity, by an American author, Mr. Dorman B. Eaton. He shows, with abundant quotation from historical and legal documents, that the reform of the civil service in England was simply one of the many reforms on which the British public entered eagerly after the reform of the franchise which admitted the middle classes to a share in the government. In fact, the passion for better administration was one which took firm hold of the British mind after the Revolution of 1688, and began to show itself with vigor and persistence after the American war. So early as 1784 it had appeared in legislation arresting the frightful corruption of the directors of the East India Company in their newly acquired Eastern possessions. They were using for the government of these possessions a horde of drunken, rascally, and broken-down relatives and dependents of their own, who were making their fortunes out of the wretched natives by every species of peculation and extortion. The English people, not the warriors, not the Hindus, not the quarrelsome "strenuous people," determined that this should cease, and that the men who left England for the government of these distant possessions, which were still owned by the East India Company, should be men of decent character, who, when they came home as "Nabobs," should be required to show where they got the money. These possessions were then six months distant. There were no newspapers to speak of, no correspondents; and little or nothing was known of what was going on in India. But the English people determined that the directors of the Company should not be allowed to send out social rubbish, even for the government of territory of which they knew so little, and in which they had so little interest. It was an English reform, made by Englishmen, on English soil.

Reform began in England by Burke's speech on the "Economical Reformation of the Civil and Other Establishments" toward the end of the American war in 1780. The plan was pursued under Pitt until the outbreak of the French war in 1792. It was necessarily suspended during the war, but resumed in 1819. It was continued steadily until the middle classes broke into the aristocratic government circle by the Reform Bill of 1832. It was continued more vigorously than ever by the new reform Parliament. Their first work was the reform of the new municipalities, a great undertaking. We suppose some Jingo will some day maintain that this was not done till the English people had news of the reform in the Government of Seringapatam, Benares, and Delhi. Other minor reforms followed rapidly. Discontent with the condition of the civil service, as being what John Bright called at that time "a system of outdoor relief for the pauper members of the aristocracy," grew steadily. After the great reforms in the revenue system begun by Sir Robert Peel and continued by Mr. Gladstone, the reformers at last laid hold of the Government patronage in 1853.

They first reorganized the customs service. They then obtained a report on the plan of throwing open the public service to competitive examination, by two English statesmen, Sir Stafford Northcote, afterwards Lord Iddesleigh, and Mr. C. E. Trevelyan. The Government then submitted this report to forty-one Englishmen of the highest standing in the public service and in the various professions—the masters of the leading public schools, the leading professors at Oxford and Cambridge, the heads of the different departments of the public service, men eminent as writers on economical and social questions, such as John Stuart Mill and Dr. Lyon Playfair, afterwards Lord Playfair. Each of these men handed in a written comment on the report to the Government. We have been carefully through them all. Three or four doubted the practicability of the new scheme. Three or four more defended the existing system against the attacks made on it. One only made any reference to India, namely, Sir Thomas Redington, the Permanent Secretary of the then Indian Board of Control. What he said was that a system of reform which was adapted to England would not suit India. Accordingly, two different bills, one for India and one for England, *were passed the same year*, 1853. The Indian bill left large powers of arbitrary appointment to the Governors and Commissioners, as the circumstances of the country made necessary. But it provided that the Englishmen who left England to govern India, should have their capacity ascertained by tests which would send most American Jingoes to the lunatic asylum. In the same year, as we have said, the bill reforming the English civil service was passed. Both were the product of the determination of Englishmen in England to amend the English service at home and abroad, beginning in England itself. The whole story that England waited to hear from India in order to amend her own institutions, is a ridiculous Jingo invention, concocted to furnish a ridiculous excuse for McKinley's Philippine war.

Jingoes must swallow the truth, however unpalatable it may be, that the growth of great nations whose greatness is to be permanent, is endogenous. To be great, a nation has to have enough manly determination, capacity, and love of country to reform its own institutions wherever it sees reform is needed, instead of boasting and blowing and "taking responsibility," and then falling back to making money, and turning the whole matter over to the President. This is not the way to become great. England's success at home and abroad comes not from talking about reform, not from perambulating the country and blathering about "the home and the flag," but from having a good administration and being governed cautiously by her very best men. The idea that her notions of what her administration should be were wafted to her from her colonies on the other side of the globe, in the shape of "shame," resembles the plan of making children behave themselves at kindergartens by putting fool's-caps on them. As a suggestion of how a great work of government by a manly people came to be done, it simply illustrates the childish and shallow character of the Jingo mind.

DISFRANCHISING THE NEGRO.

A few years ago the State of Mississippi adopted a new constitution embracing provisions for keeping the negro voters away from the polls. These consisted of two parts. The first was a poll-tax of two dollars per head, which was made an indispensable requirement for the suffrage. The tax might be increased to three dollars by the action of the local authorities, but it could not exceed that sum. It applied to whites and blacks alike. The second requirement was that every voter should be able to read any

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section of the Constitution of the State, *or* be able to understand the same when read to him, *or* to give a reasonable interpretation thereof. This also was applicable to whites and blacks alike, and was held to be valid by the Supreme Court of the United States for that reason. In effect it put so many discouragements in the way of the negroes that they have not offered to vote in any large numbers since the Constitution took effect. As a general rule they do not care to pay the poll-tax, since the paying of it does not insure the right to vote, but merely brings them to the educational test which most of them would fail to pass.

Now, a bill is before the Legislature of Georgia, still more drastic in its provisions. It is known as the Hardwick bill, and it proposes an amendment of the State Constitution in these terms:

"That no person shall be a competent voter unless he shall be able to read and write any paragraph of the Constitution of this State, and he shall be able to understand any paragraph of such Constitution, and to give a reasonable interpretation thereto; provided, however, that no male person who was on January 1, 1867, or at any time prior thereto, entitled to vote under the laws of the State wherein he then resided, and no lineal descendant of such person, shall be denied the right to register or vote at any election in this State by reason of his failure to possess the educational qualifications provided for in this paragraph."

This provision differs from that of Mississippi in two ways. The latter is alternative, using the word "or" in prescribing the educational test. If the voter can read any section of the Constitution of the State, *or* can understand it when read to him, he is entitled to vote, provided he has paid his poll-tax. Ability to read the English language is not an unreasonable requirement for voting. It would be well if such a requirement were universal. The Georgia bill, however, makes the requirements of reading and understanding not alternative, but joint, and then puts in a third—that of giving a "reasonable interpretation" to the clauses in question.

This provision puts it in the power of the election officers, or a majority of them, to reject any vote if they say that the voter does not understand some particular clause of the State Constitution, or if his interpretation of it is not satisfactory to them. The election officers themselves may be unable to understand or rightly interpret the clause in question. Their interpretation may be entirely wrong, they may not agree among themselves as to the true interpretation, but that makes no difference as regards the voter. If a majority of them think that his interpretation of it is inadequate, he loses the right to vote. Take, for example, this clause of the United States Constitution, which is repeated in some of the State Constitutions:

"No attainder of treason shall work corruption of blood or forfeiture except during the life of the person attainted."

What is the meaning of attainder of treason? What is the meaning of corruption of blood? What is forfeiture? What is the condition, or thing, that is limited to the lifetime of the person attainted? Is it the forfeiture or the corruption of blood? Suppose that a negro offers to vote and is asked to read and write that clause of the Constitution and give a reasonable interpretation of it. Even if he were learned in English history, and had familiarized himself with the law of attainder as it existed in the seventeenth century, he would be helpless unless the election officers were equally well instructed, and unless they were honorable men and lovers of truth. His vote would be lost.

This is called an educational test by its framers, but such a character is taken from it by the second clause, which says that persons who were voters in any State on the 1st of January, 1867, and their lineal descendants, shall not be subject to this clause; that is, their votes shall not be rejected for inability to read, or write, or understand, or interpret any or all clauses of the Constitution. As all white men were voters then, and very few if any black men were, the Hardwick bill, if adopted, would amount to disfranchisement of the negroes at every place where a majority of the election officers were of the opinion that the negroes did not understand all parts of the Constitution of the State. It should be remarked that if the negro should happen to understand rightly the clause first propounded to him, the election officers can put another one before him and go through with the whole instrument before allowing him to vote.

If we can imagine an honest administration of the proposed law, it would result in making the negroes, in the course of a few years, a race of jurisconsults, while the mass of whites would be as densely ignorant of constitutional law as the plantation negroes are now. The incentive to education which the exercise of the suffrage would impel the blacks to acquire, would gradually lift them to the superior place in point of intelligence. But nobody imagines that the proposed law would be honestly administered. Everybody knows that its purpose is to enable the election officers to reject negro votes wholesale under the pretence of an educational test.

Although the bill has received the votes of a majority of the committee of the House, there is a strong minority opposed to it, and throughout the State it has evoked vigorous opposition among the whites. Among the opponents is the present Governor of the State, Allen D. Candler. Gov. Candler is in favor of leaving the suffrage as it now stands, and of promoting measures of conciliation and friendship between the two races. Booker Washington has been interviewed on the subject by the Atlanta *Constitution*, a paper which seems to have no liking for the bill. He holds the South to its responsibility to render political justice to the blacks, now that its hands are free from any federal control.

The most ominous and deplorable feature of the bill is the schooling in dishonesty which it will give to the whites themselves. The ballot-stuffing processes which were invented to cheat the negroes were turned by the whites against each other, after they had served their original purpose, and it is quite certain that any form of swindling which the public are led to sanction, and with which they familiarize themselves, will return before long to plague the inventors in some unexpected way.

COURSE OF THE BOER WAR.

It is now about six weeks since hostilities began in South Africa, and we are in a position to estimate the plan of campaign, on either side, with its measure of success or failure up to date. Gen. Lord Wolseley reminded his audience the other evening that war is not a game of chess, in which the more powerful intellect wins from the very first. It is rather a "game of ups and downs," and the really weaker player may secure an advantage at the start by reason of superior position. The Boers had all their chessmen on the board at the opening, while the British had only about a third of theirs ready. Yet, from a military point of view, the British have practically won the game by the very fact of not being at once swept off the board.

That the Dutch forces planned and expected to drive the inferior English army before them, and promptly occupy the whole of Natal, is abundantly evident. Their sudden ultimatum, their swift taking of the aggressive and march over the border, were else pure folly. The mass of the Boers undoubtedly thought that they would whip the English easily. "We gave you several good thrashings there once," said a Boer officer to an English military man at Laing's Nek in 1890; "you will need another thrashing by-and-by, and we will give it to you." And an English newspaper correspondent who was in Gen. Joubert's camp at Sandspruit as late as October 12, reports that the confidence of the Boers in the certainty of their success was "unbounded."

"They never doubted for a moment that, having once crossed Laing's Nek, they would march straight down to Durban, destroying the mere handful of British in their path. As for Cape Colony, that would rise on every side to welcome them. Only a very few of the more educated among the Pretorians contemplated the possibility of defeat, and even they, after a week in the camp, were caught by the general contagion."

This was not mere vain-glory. The Boers knew their own strength better than the British did. Lord Wolseley has

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confessed that the English military authorities had found the enemy "much more powerful and numerous than we anticipated." This is a serious reflection on the Intelligence Department. It apparently was unaware of the heavy Krupp rifles and the Creusot siege guns which the Boers were able to bring up to Ladysmith. Nothing but the rushing in of heavy naval guns from the *Powerful* just in the nick of time enabled Gen. White to compete at all with the Boer artillery fire. Yet in spite of all—with superior numbers against him, and a more effective armament than had been counted upon—White has been able to hold out at Ladysmith, and so check the enemy's advance that, with large British reinforcements already as near as Estcourt, the original Boer plan of campaign may now confidently be said to have broken down. This is not saying that the war is over, or that the Dutch may not make a long and obstinate defence; but their forward movement has failed of its object.

As for the British line of defence, it is clear that it was taken up on political rather than on purely military grounds. The English Government evidently considered it of the utmost importance not to abandon Natal. The loyalty of the colonists was severely strained after 1881 and 1884. "No more Downing Street and no more Gladstones for us" was their cry. For their sake, as well as for the general moral effect, the decision was reached to contest every foot of Natal as stubbornly as possible. Only such considerations could have led to the determination to hold Dundee and Ladysmith. They are not naturally strong positions, adapted for military concentration and for defence against superior force. Such a position might have been found in the hills to the south of Estcourt, as Osman Pasha found it at Plevna, in the Russo-Turkish war, where, with his ill-equipped army, he was able to beat off the Russians again and again with enormous losses. No such natural strength existed at Dundee or Ladysmith; yet the political reasons for holding those positions were allowed to overrule the military arguments for falling back. So far, it must be said, the results have justified the measure. Even if Gen. White should yet be forced to surrender, it would be only after the Boers had suffered crippling losses, and after the British reinforcements had got so well in hand that a further Boer advance would be impossible.

Perhaps the strongest criticism of the British tactics that could fairly be made is to be found, by implication, in some remarks on warfare in South Africa contributed to the *Army and Navy Gazette* by Gen. George Gordon in 1881. Singularly enough, they were published just one day before the battle of Majuba Hill. Gordon summed up the natural advantages and disadvantages of the Boer soldier with great skill. Personally more than a match for "the private soldier of a regular army taken from the plough or from cities," the Boer is able, when fighting in a rough country and in an irregular way, to neutralize the superior discipline of the forces brought against him. Gen. Gordon thought that regular troops would, therefore, be "at a very great disadvantage" in fighting in a difficult country against such a foe, until they were taught to fight in the same way as the enemy. He predicted that "bitter experience" would force the English army to take to heart this lesson, which might have to be learned "at a great cost"—as it was at Majuba Hill and again at Krugersdorp. And Gordon put his finger on what certainly seems to be the weakest point in the initial operations of the British in this war—with their dash, and *élan*, and fine contempt of an enemy by no means to be despised—when he wrote:

> "The inordinate haste which exists to finish off these wars, throws away many valuable aids which would inevitably accrue to the regular army if time were taken to do the work, and far greater expense is caused by this hurry than otherwise would be necessary. All is done on the *veni, vidi, vici* principle. It may be very fine, but it is bloody and expensive and not scientific."

CRETE UNDER PRINCE GEORGE.

ATHENS, November 1, 1899.

What with stirring events nearer home, the readers of the *Nation* have doubtless overlooked a most interesting bit of contemporary history now being enacted in what has ever been the most important island of the Mediterranean. After being torn for twenty-five centuries by civil war, foreign conquest, and oppression of the darkest description, Crete has suddenly attained liberty and good government, under a ruler of her own race and language; and the arduous but noble and interesting work of creating a civilized and well-governed state out of the ruins of the dreadful past is worthy of more than passing notice.

In the disasters which befell Greece in 1897, and the failure of the Powers to arrive, for a long time thereafter, at any satisfactory settlement with the Cretan insurgents, the world at large lost sight of the fact that Greece's desperate intervention in Crete, by the landing of Col. Vassos's expedition in the island, really gained the desired end—the liberation of Crete from the Turkish rule. Had not that "wanton and flagrant violation of international law," as it was termed, taken place, it is more than doubtful whether Crete would have been granted the autonomy which is proving such a success to-day. King George literally cut the Gordian knot by forcing the Powers to pledge themselves to "real and complete autonomy," as an escape from annexation of the island to Greece; and it is therefore all the greater pity that Greece, having once attained this, was not content to recognize it, but rushed on to a disastrous war in which defeat was a foregone conclusion. It was not till May 18, 1897, when applying to the Powers for their mediation with the victorious Turks, that the Greek Government were obliged not only to recall Vassos and his troops, but to give their formal adherence to the scheme of autonomy promised by the Powers to Crete. And this recognition by the Greek Government forced the Cretan insurgents themselves to give up their motto of union with Greece.

The autonomy scheme pleased neither Christians nor Mussulmans at first. The Christians were already weary of the word, which was associated with so many broken promises in the past, on the part of Turkey and the Powers, and which had served only to delay the settlement and prolong the agony of oppression and revolt. The Mussulmans, on the other hand, knew that autonomy of any kind, not tempered by the counteracting presence of Turkish troops and officials, meant the rule of the Christian majority and the loss of their own privileged position; furthermore, they were firmly convinced that no sooner had the Christians thus gained the upper hand than the Mussulmans would be gradually exterminated in revenge for past atrocities.

Nor is it clear that, at the time of the admirals' proclamation (March 21, 1897), the Powers had any very definite conception of the proffered autonomy in mind. The wording of the promise was elastic enough to have been made to fit the old Halepa charter, which had proved utterly unsatisfactory; and it is not unlikely that, but for England, the outcome would have been a flimsy local parliament for Crete, capped by the usual array of Turkish civil and military governors. It was Lord Salisbury who, in the first instance, refused to oppose Greece and join in the blockade of Crete unless some definite decision were first taken as to the future status of Crete. This forced the Powers, much against the will of Germany, Austria, and Russia, to promise the Cretans "real and effective autonomy under the suzerainty of the Sultan." Then it was Lord Salisbury who, when Russia proposed two Turkish pashas among the candidates for the Cretan governorship, declared that England would accept any candidate excepting a Turk and an Englishman. And lastly, it was England that insisted, as a satisfaction for the murder of her bluejackets at Candia, upon the complete evacuation of the island by the Turkish military and civil authorities.

As it was, the Powers dallied with the Cretan question for a year and a half after the proclamation of autonomy, and probably would have continued to do so indefinitely had not the Candia riots (September 6, 1898) forced them to take immediate and energetic action. These eighteen months were a period of most distressing suspense and material loss for both parties in Crete. The Christians (who form, say, five-sevenths of the population), though masters of the entire island, with the exception of the few maritime towns held by the international forces, were wofully short of supplies, owing to the long-continued blockade and the failure of the crops. The Mussulmans of the country-side, driven out of their farms and villages, were crowded uncomfortably in the three fortified towns, Canea, Rethymo, and Candia, where they were fed by supplies sent from Constantinople. The burning of the Moslem villages by the insurgents, the raids and marauding parties of the Moslems from the towns upon the neighboring Christian villages, the close

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investment of the cordons by the insurgents, and the wholesale destruction of Moslem olive trees, inflamed the passions on both sides to exasperation; and the admirals had no easy or pleasant task in keeping the two factions from cutting each other's throats.

Again and again the distressed council of admirals and the consular body at Canea, presided over by Sir A. Billiotti, the British representative, urged upon their governments the removal of the Turkish troops from the island as the first step toward pacification. But the Powers, though refusing all the Porte's requests for permission to land fresh troops, could not make up their minds to compel the Sultan to evacuate the island. They proposed, therefore, to proceed in the direction of autonomy by nominating a governor, and much valuable time was wasted in considering various candidates—Turkish, Swiss, Belgian, German, Austrian, and even Montenegrin—in fact, anybody but a Greek. Finally, Russia took up a long-forgotten proposal of Lord Salisbury's, and suggested Prince George of Greece. Turkey, backed by Germany and Austria, refused even to consider this candidature, and another deadlock ensued (March, 1898) of which Germany and Austria took advantage to escape from the Concert, on the petulant plea that their views had not been adopted from the beginning of the Cretan troubles. In the words of Herr von Bülow, Germany laid down the flute she had hitherto played in the European concert, and retired from the concert-room. It is doubtful whether the dulcet tones of the flute are the most fitting simile for the noisy and overbearing part Germany had played throughout the affair, quite out of proportion to her material contributions toward the pacification of Crete.

It is a pity that these two Powers, the most hostile to the Greek cause, had not seen their way clear to withdrawing at an earlier stage of the game. Without Germany, it is doubtful whether Turkey would ever have declared war; and in the whole Græco-Turkish conflict Germany stood in the way of more than one promising solution. If, after these withdrawals, the other Powers continued to procrastinate and hesitate in their Cretan policy, this was due entirely to an exaggerated sense of the difficulties of the situation. It was deemed impossible to remove the Turkish soldiery from the island; and yet the Cretan Assembly, which was convened by the admirals in July, 1898, to frame a provisional government for the interior districts, solemnly declared that the Christians would neither lay down their arms, nor allow the Mussulman peasants to return to their farms and villages, until the last Turkish soldier had quitted Crete. And as disarmament was an indispensable preliminary to pacification, it seemed to the Powers that nothing could be done except by slow and cautious stages.

There is no telling how long this absurd caution might have protracted the distressing situation of suspense and suffering, had not the riot at Candia on September 6, 7, and 8, 1898, forced the Powers to abandon their hesitating policy. On September 3 the admirals had decided to appropriate the *dîme*, or municipal tax on exports, towards the expenses of the provisional government. This sequestration, coming on top of several recent rebuffs on the subject of Crete and the Greek treaty of peace, aroused the Porte's animosity to the extent of secretly instigating the native Mussulmans to armed resistance. This was hardly possible at Canea and Rethymo, owing to the large foreign forces there, but at Candia, ever the Mussulman centre in the island, 20,000 destitute peasant refugees, all armed with Martini rifles and spoiling for a fight, were more than a match for the 120 British soldiers. Edhem Pasha, the Turkish Governor, prepared the outbreak, and then roundly refused to give up the *dîme* offices. The British gunboat *Hazard*, having landed a party of bluejackets and taken the offices by force, the mob opened a fusillade on them, killing thirteen and wounding forty-two. Then the Christian quarter was looted and burned, and several hundred defenceless Christians, including the British Vice-Consul and family, butchered by the rioters, openly aided by the Turkish regulars. The senior British officer, Capt. Hallett of the *Camperdown*, was a man of neither firmness nor judgment, and the Turks laughed at his ultimatums until Rear-Admiral Gerald Noel arrived in hot haste from Malta. Within two days he made the Turks hand out over a hundred alleged ringleaders (Edhem Pasha having promptly disavowed the riot), and tear down all houses commanding the British camp on the ramparts. Five thousand British troops were soon concentrated thither from Egypt and Malta, and seventeen of the ringleaders were sentenced by court-martial and publicly hanged.

But England was not content with this small satisfaction for the insult to her flag and the murder of her sailors; for it had become quite plain that the Turkish authorities were the real instigators, and the Turkish soldiery had participated actively in the excesses. Upon England's proposal, therefore, the Powers decided to summon the Porte to withdraw all her troops and officials from the island within a month (ending November 4, 1898). The Porte bowed before the inevitable and made the usual promises; but when the month expired, there were still 4,000 Turkish troops in the three towns, and the authorities, who were all still at their posts, claimed to have received no orders from Constantinople. This was too much for Admiral Noel's patience; and, while the other admirals were still pondering on these evasions, he had the whole Turkish garrison of Candia, with all the Turkish officials, unceremoniously driven down by British troops to the boats, put on board the transports in the offing with all their baggage and harems, and sent off to Salonica by daybreak of November 6. This energetic piece of work shamed the other admirals into dealing firmly with the Turks in their respective sections, and on the 12th of November, 1898, the Turkish flag was hauled down at Canea, and the Turkish tyranny of four hundred years was at an end.

The enthusiasm of the Christians, and the readiness with which they surrendered their arms to the international authorities, proved how absurd the hesitation of the Powers with regard to the removal of the Turks had been. The Moslems were, of course, very much downcast at the departure of their co-religionists; but their position was now, if anything, one of far greater safety as to life and property than under the protection of the Crescent. Within a month, Prince George was appointed High Commissioner of the Powers in Crete (thereby evading the necessity of receiving the Sultan's assent to his appointment) for a term of three years, and landed at Suda Bay on December 21, amid the thunders of cannon and popular acclamation. The enthusiasm of the Cretans knew no bounds, and the Prince's entry into Canea, and later Rethymo and Candia, was triumphal in every sense of the word.

Since then the work of building up a modern, civilized state out of the ruins of twenty centuries of bloodshed and misrule has gone on. At first sight, the young Greek sailor-prince was not the man most fitted for this grave and responsible task. Neither his years, nor his training, nor indeed his past record in the Greek navy, seemed to qualify him for a work that is almost unique in the annals of our times. But the bitter experiences of the war of 1897 had evidently sobered him, and thus far his career in Crete has been one of hard and conscientious work, and steady and even-handed government, beyond all expectations. He is doubtless aided by the prestige as well as by the material support in ships and troops of the four great Powers whose Commissioner he is. But his own personal popularity, both for his own physical attractions, handsome stalwart figure and blunt charm of manner, and especially for his status as Greek prince, symbolizing the national ideal of ultimate union with the mother country, is his greatest source of strength and success. The rough and warlike mountaineers, who have passed their lives in armed revolt against a tyrannical government, and become estranged from all instinct of obedience to any law, as well as hardened in every baser instinct of rapine, fierce bloodshed, and merciless revenge, submit like glad children to any restraint as coming from the Prince; the sensation, moreover, of living under a régime of real justice and equality before the law is novel and powerful.

Prince George has not been entirely successful with the Mussulman minority as yet. He has done everything in his power to conciliate them and win their confidence; but, while the town Moslems were soon reconciled to the new order of things, the bulk of the peasantry, ignorant and fanatical, have been stirred up by secret emissaries from Constantinople to emigrate rather than live under Giaour rule. In spite of the Prince's untiring efforts to convince them that they should enjoy full equality with their Christian neighbors, these misguided victims of the Sultan's intrigues have abandoned Crete in large numbers (about 30,000 out of 70,000), and scattered throughout Asia Minor. Fortunately, the tide of emigration has slackened very perceptibly of late, while many of the first emigrants are returning to their homes, as they see the consolidation of order and good government in the island. The town Mussulmans, and especially the beys, or rich landowners, are already enthusiastic supporters of the Prince. The recent visit of the Queen of Greece to her son at Canea has contributed largely to this result; the gracious lady won the hearts of the Moslem feminine world by returning in person all the visits of the harem ladies (no small task), and was simply overwhelmed

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with gifts from these enthusiastic *hanums*. The Prince also frequently visits the mosques and Moslem schools, and has appointed a Mussulman as his "Counsellor," or Secretary of State, for the Department of Public Safety and Gendarmerie.

This brings me to the constitutional situation in Crete. Soon after the Prince's arrival, a General Assembly was elected, and met at Canea, which voted a constitution drawn up by a commission of Cretan lawyers and political men, under the Prince's supervision. This constitution vests the Assembly with the sole right of passing laws and voting taxes and public expenditure, but debars it from all interference with the executive power, nor is the latter in any way dependent upon the legislative body. The Prince, as head of the executive, governs through a responsible council of ministers, whose choice, appointment, and dismissal rest entirely with him. It must not be forgotten that Prince George is at present not Prince, or Governor, of Crete, but High Commissioner of the Powers, to whom alone he is answerable; yet, to all practical intents and purposes, he fulfils the functions of the regular Governor, and the constitution was framed to meet his wishes and adapted to his person. His appointment under the Powers is for three years, at the expiration of which term it will depend entirely on circumstances whether the appointment will be renewed, or whether the Sultan's assent to his appointment as Prince of Crete will be asked. The former is the more probable. It is also probable that the present constitution will remain in force unchanged as long as Cretan autonomy lasts. The unusually ample power given to the Prince, and the limitation of the national representation to mere legislation, were a necessity, in the case of a passionate and excitable race of political infants, even if Crete were not materially ruined by the long centuries of anarchy and misrule. In Greece proper, the premature introduction of parliamentary government has engendered a sad compound of political jobbery and demagogue rule. Universal suffrage has led to the utter prostitution of parliamentary institutions. Even worse were the results of a similar régime in Crete for eleven years under the Halepa convention of 1878; not only was autonomy but an ignoble scramble for the sweets of office, but the minority habitually conspired against the majority with the Turkish Governor-General, and against the latter with his personal enemies at Constantinople, and the majority invariably drove the minority out of the towns and plains into the mountains by force of arms. In the absence, therefore, of the self-restraint indispensable to the working of parliamentary institutions, and with so much waiting to be done for the country's material and social regeneration, Crete needs a strong central government, independent of popular whims, passions, and imperfections, for some time to come.

The Prince has certainly made a wise use of his dictatorship, and the Powers are well pleased with their choice. If some of them betray aims and views regarding Crete which clash with the Cretans' aims and aspirations, this need not disturb either the Prince or the Cretans. The four Powers are sufficiently jealous of each other to guard against any one-sided attempt to "grab" Crete. The union of Crete with the mother-country is only a question of time. But it will be for the best interests of both Crete and Greece if this union is deferred for a few years, to give the Cretans time to acquire better and wiser political habits than they can learn in Greece. It is not too much to say that no greater boon could be conferred upon Greece herself at this moment than the introduction of a régime similar to that which is proving so beneficial in Crete.

D. KALOPOTHAKES.

THE AMERICAN INVASION OF THE LONDON THEATRE.

LONDON, October, 1899.

Of the hold the theatre has upon the Londoner, there is no question. He values it in his affections next, perhaps, to sport; in his daily paper, theatrical notes are only second in interest to the list of "All the Winners"; in moments of great national excitement, like the present, it is in the theatre he loves best to make his public profession of patriotism. He may approach it from various standpoints; he may, with the supporters of Independent and New Century movements, seek in it only an intellectual stimulus, or, with Grant Allen, he may frankly prefer the silliest song, the most rollicking fun of the *cafés chantants* in the Champs-Élysées or of the London Pavilion, to the best-mounted piece of Shakspere's or Victor Hugo's. But the theatre, in one form or another, he cannot do without. He would agree with Matthew Arnold, I think it was, who called it "irresistible"; with Hazlitt, who declared it to be "the source of the greatest enjoyment at the time, and a never-failing fund of agreeable reflection afterwards." He has his moods and preferences; Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and Mr. Pinero both know to their cost that even his favorite dramatists may not always please him; Sir Henry Irving and Mr. Beerbohm Tree have both paid for his applause by more than one failure. But though he may object to this play or that actor in it, his devotion to the theatre itself—if the term be used to cover the music-hall as well—never wavers, and he flocks to it in crowds, when the picture gallery is deserted and the poet's latest masterpiece left unread. Therefore, though he might see with equanimity the American artist cutting the ground from under the feet of the native Academician, though he might accept in silence the establishment of the American journalist in Fleet Street, when it came to "the American Invasion" of the London theatre, he could no longer look on unmoved. Indeed, how acutely he has felt it, is shown in the constant discussion of this "invasion" in the papers, while things, apparently, had reached such a crisis last spring that Mr. William Archer, London's leading dramatic critic, was spared from his accustomed stall, to go on a special mission to study the American stage at home.

The "invasion," to keep to the big name the journalists have found for it, began with the triumphs of the Daly company. It had been attempted before that by Booth and Jefferson and other distinguished, or popular, American actors, but with a degree of success—or failure—that made no undue bid upon the English actor's generosity. It is doubtful whether he realized the danger to himself when Miss Ada Rehan and Mr. Drew, Mrs. Phillips and Mr. Lewis not only won critical applause, but drew all the town to see them. Certainly, he seems to have taken no notice of the gradual inroads upon his own preserves until to-day, practically, when he wakes up to find, to his dismay, an American managing two of the principal London theatres, American companies giving at two others the most popular musical extravaganza and farce now in vogue, an American play in full progress at a fifth, and at least one American actor or actress figuring in the bill of almost all the others. Under these circumstances, I scarcely believe that the beautiful Anglo-American Brotherhood, of which we hear so much, has spread to the stage, despite the waving of the union jack and the stars and stripes at the most inopportune moment in the successful piece. Indeed, I should not be surprised if, in the end, the American would become as much of a bugbear to the English actor as the German is already to the city clerk.

I have watched this recent theatrical development with a good deal of interest. The stage, or rather dramatic art, because of its possibilities, has a certain fascination that somehow stands the test of continual disappointment; and, really, there is little but disappointment in the London theatre. It is not so much the fault of the drama itself, though the Ibsen devotee grumbles that we have no dramatists. There is, however, Shakspere always for an emergency and for amateur societies; there are plenty of Frenchmen whose work can be adapted; Mr. Grundy and Mr. Pinero are very clever playwrights; on rare occasions there is the chance to see the plays written by Mr. Henley and Stevenson in collaboration, or by Mr. Bernard Shaw, or by one or two others with some literary aspirations; and Ibsen and Maeterlinck, in translation, are not yet exhausted. But it is when the play is most admirable that disappointment is keenest. The Ibsen performances got up by the enthusiasts who, for a while, took the elevation of the drama in hand, invariably exposed most forcibly the real shortcoming of the London theatre. Mr. Archer thinks that the commanding talent of one or two playwrights has dragged it out of the slough of despond. But I cannot agree with him. Even when there is the great or the good or the clever play, there are not the great or the good or the clever actors and actresses to do it justice, and here you have the real trouble. Exceptions can be pointed to, I admit, but I am speaking generally, and what strikes me above all else on the London stage is the indifference, the lifelessness, or the exaggeration of the acting. No matter what the play is—tragedy, comedy, or farce—it degenerates almost at once into melodrama, spectacle, or a well-staged puppet performance, and the members of a company are seldom in sufficient accord to give that unity of impression which is the first essential.

I am not overstating my case. Had I space, I might go through the list of the London theatres now open to prove my point. But take two extreme examples. At the one extreme is Mr. Beerbohm Tree, the most popular, probably, of all the actor-managers. He gained his popularity at the start by the ingenuity of his make-up; the critics began to describe him as "versatile" because he was so quick to adapt himself to each new disguise, until in the end nothing else was expected from him. His audience looked to see how he was dressed, not how he acted; the costume was the thing—his own costume, the cos-

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tume of his company, of his stage; with, of course, artistic disaster as the result. I was not surprised when, last winter, I found that the great success of his version of "The Three Musketeers" was his appearance mounted on a white horse—a real horse—in the first act, and, in the last, his arrival with the Queen's diamonds, in a breathless and travel-worn condition so realistically expressed that the audience could almost fancy they had watched him galloping for dear life, on the same horse, behind the scenes, and he had but to show himself to bring down the house. Mr. Vincent Crummles, with his real washtubs, had as high a conception, surely, of dramatic art. Anyway, Mr. Tree's fate was sealed. His "King John" this autumn is nothing more nor less than a gorgeous pageant, with the success of "The Musketeers" repeated, or doubled, by the introduction in one act of two real horses bearing their riders—brave war-horses who munch sugar contentedly and beg for more, when, according to all the rules of the game, they ought to be sniffing the battle from afar.

At the other extréme is Mr. Forbes Robertson, whose intellect has become among the critics quite as much of a *cliché* as Mr. Tree's versatility, so that he is now altogether too intellectual to condescend to act. It is he who, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell—in her case "temperament" is all-sufficient—has presented the American play to which I have referred, "The Moonlight Blossom," by Mr. C. B. Fernald. It is a play without a very engrossing plot, perhaps, but full of charming scenes and incident, and the dialogue has a quite unusual literary distinction. There are plenty of opportunities, you might think, for an actor, but necessarily they are wasted upon an intellect and a temperament; and Mr. Robertson and Mrs. Campbell walk through the three acts as wooden as puppets. You almost fancy you see the wires dangling. I have attended many a more animated performance in the little marionette theatres of Naples and Florence; and it is left entirely to one of the minor characters, Mr. James Welch, a comedian and a genius in his way, to give the least semblance of life to Mr. Fernald's drama.

Between these two extremes is every variety and shade of indifference, misconception, and incompetence. Realize this, and also remember that there are, besides, a few excellent actors and an occasional excellent performance, and you will have a fair idea of the present condition of the London theatre. And now, what of the Americans who have come to invade it? I should say that, in one respect, the stage was worse off at home than in England. It is long since I have been able to study it at first hand; but, in London certainly, the good American play is rarer still than the good English play. It may be that this is by no means the fault of the dramatists; a great American dramatic school may be waiting for the chance the obdurate manager refuses to give. But I am simply concerned with the actual, not a possible, state of affairs. To go back to the beginning, the Daly company made their appeal to the English public with Shakspere and American adaptations of German comedies—with anything rather than a representative American drama. Since then, there have been Wall Street plays and Wild West plays and Civil War plays, and so on, American; however, only in the background and the slang; obviously not American in the sense that Ibsen's plays are Scandinavian, or those of Dumas and Labiche French; while, when it is a question of musical extravaganza and comedy, the songs may be sung and the dances danced in a candy-store in Broadway, or a fortress in Peru, but they would hardly be considered for that reason either typically North or South American. It may be that the plays imported are selected with a view to the English public. But I note that Mr. Archer, who has just published his first report in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, when he was in New York in the spring found American companies chiefly producing English comedies and French farces. American or not, if the imported plays had any very special merit, that of itself would account for the American conquest of the London theatre. But I do not see that Mr Clyde Fitch or Mrs. Ryley can as yet compete with Mr. Pinero or Mr. Grundy.

If this conquest does not depend upon the play, the natural inference is that it must depend upon the players. And it does. I never see an American company, whether in farce or comedy, without feeling immediately the difference between the American method and the English, and this, though there have been no American actors or actresses of any great distinction here since the days of Miss Rehan. But the American seems to understand that it is his business to act; and he acts; he is not too absorbed with his mighty intellect, or his trick of disguises, or his temperament. Moreover, he knows it is his business to act with everybody else in the play or on the stage, and so he always manages to produce that indispensable unity of impression, however discordant the dramatic materials provided. Above all, he is, like the French actor, alive. You feel that he is "all there," in the slang phrase. I remember hearing a kind critic say of a little English burlesque actress that she was working so hard. But that is just what she ought not to have been doing, or what she should not have let her audience know she was doing. The actor, like the painter, must conceal the means by which he produces his effect, for it is only in the effect that we, who look on, are interested. The American actor may work every bit as hard, but he has the grace not to let you suspect it for a moment. There is not a suggestion of labor or effort in that apparently inexhaustible, but rather foolish medley called "The Belle of New York"; all the performers seem to be there to amuse themselves, and the sense of gayety is quickly enough communicated to the audience. It is the same with Mr. Goodwin and Mr. De Wolf Hopper and their companies. They could not, one might think, have hit upon feebler or less well constructed plays, but they have been able to infuse into each a little of their own exuberance of life and vitality. And I, for one, would much rather see "The Belle of New York," or "El Capitan," or "The American Citizen," rendered with the appropriate animation, or extravagance, or fun, than Shakspere's "King John" reduced to a mere echo of the Christmas pantomime. I am convinced that this is the secret of the success of the "American Invasion," which has puzzled so many of the critics; and that the American manager in London thinks so too is more than likely, judging from the care with which he has got together the English companies for the gay farce and flamboyant melodrama he is now running in London theatres.

The drama can be made or marred by its interpreters, very much as the painter's picture may be marred or made by the engraver. The art of the dramatist avails nothing when the actor is not an artist; but, on the other hand, the actor who is an artist can redeem the most artless play from nothingness. We can only know the dramatist through the actor, and it is because the American actor—that is, as he appears in London—can make the uninteresting or trivial playwright amusing for the moment, while the English actor could make the most inspired genius dull and tame, that one wonders if, when the great, or good, or original drama is finally created, there will not be more hope for it on the American stage than on the English. N. N.

Correspondence.

LESSONS OF THE ELECTIONS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the issue of your valued paper for November 9 I read that you consider the late election in the Northwest an unqualified endorsement of President McKinley's Philippine policy. You also attribute the result in Nebraska to State pride in Mr. Bryan. No doubt that had something to do with it, but the fact that there are more than 5,000 votes in the State wholly unmarked as to State officers is not susceptible of any such explanation. In my own voting-place I watched the counting of the 238 votes. Ten were blank as to State officers, with votes for Republican county officers on nine of them. This county (Saline) has about 4,500 voters, and casts usually 3,700 to 4,300 votes. This year the total vote is not quite 4,000, considered a heavy one. The Fusion candidate, Mr. Holcomb, has a majority of 322, with about 200 blanks as stated. Last year the Republican candidate for Governor had a plurality of 162, and an absolute majority of half that, in a total vote of 3,708. Just about as many voted for head of the ticket as this year, but the fusionist gain is 484. This county has over 300 German and 800 Bohemian voters. McKinley had in 1896 a plurality of fifty-eight in a total of 4,285 votes, 100 scattering. There is some fusionist gain in each polling-place, owing to larger attendance and keener interest on that side this year. The heavy gains, however, are in the Bohemian and German precincts. At least two-thirds of this fusion gain, or 370 votes, in this one county is among the foreign-born voters, and expresses their fear and dislike of militarism and the Republican programme as to the Philippines.

The same thing is true in Thayer County in this State, where I was holding court Friday and Saturday; the foreign voters there being Germans. Not less than 5,000 in the State, mostly foreign-born Republicans, voted blank ballots as to State officers, and another 5,000 of them voted for Judge Holcomb.

This issue was most vigorously pressed by Mr. Bryan during the campaign, was recognized as dangerous by the Republicans, and sought to be counteracted by every possible means, with the result indicated. Men who have left their native land to avoid

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irksome service in armies on a peace footing, or to get their sons away from it, will not endure anything looking towards it.

It is noticeable, too, that success in the Philippines will only increase Republican embarrassment on this issue. Their answer now is that rebellion and attacks on the flag must be put down. Once put down, the problem of a policy will be just that much harder. Among the foreign-born voters of the Northwest is the field for anti-imperialist work, at least for those who, like myself, consider the silver delusion no longer dangerous.—Yours very truly,

W. G. HASTINGS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a life-long Republican and resident of this city, I have been surprised at the strange misunderstanding in the Eastern papers as to the real cause of the Jones vote in this State on the 7th instant. Having voted for Mr. Jones, in common with more than ten thousand other Republicans of this city and county, permit me to give what I believe to be the real significance of this vote.

It is, first, wrongly charged up to Mr. Hanna as a "boss." It was not cast against him personally,—not a single vote. Those spite votes which were thrown by the McKisson Republicans here went directly to McLean, and they did not amount to much.

It is then wrongly charged up to John McLean as a "boss." McLean lost on account of the old Thurman-Pendleton feud, whereby thousands of old-line Democrats who admired the "Old Roman" voted directly in this city for Judge Nash! I have a good estimate from one of these gentlemen, who says at least 3,000 Thurman Democrats voted for Nash in this county, and 7,000 of them for Jones!

The immense Jones vote here was cast *in direct opposition to the policy of coddling Trusts*, as advanced by Hanna, and *the policy of the Administration in pushing the Philippine war*. This vote of Jones and that of McLean, united as they will be next year under a fit leader, will place McKinley in a minority of over 125,000 votes in Ohio, and be will be beaten by a plurality of over 50,000. No one here denies that it can and will be done. The Trusts have eliminated the financial arguments of 1896; the good "honest" gold dollar has been so debased by the Trusts that it takes two or three of them to-day to buy as much of certain products as they bought in 1896.

HENRY W. ELLIOTT.

CLEVELAND, O., November 14, 1899.

THE MASSACHUSETTS SLAVE-BURNING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A communication in the *Nation* by "A. M.," and another by "J. D. B.," upon the execution of the negress Maria in Boston in 1681, have lately come under my eye. As the matter involved—the execution of a death-sentence by burning—has at different times awakened interest, perhaps a further word may not be amiss. The conclusion drawn in each communication, that the woman was burned alive, seems not fully justified. There is very little contemporary information to be had. The Court record is silent; and there is no return, as is frequently the case, as to the carrying out of the sentence. The record in the Court of Assistants reads as follows:

Marja Negro servant to Joshua Lambe of Roxbury in the County of Suffolke in New England being presented by the Grand Jury was Indicted by the name of marja Negro for not hauing the feare of God before hir eyes & being Instigated by the divil at or vpon the eleventh day of July last in the night did wittingly willingly & felloniously set on fier the dwelling house of Thomas swann of sd Roxbury by taking a Coale from vnder a still & carried it into another Roome and laid it on floore neere the doore & presently went & crept into a hole at a back doore of thy master Lambs house & set it on fier also taking a liue Coale betweene two chips & Carried it into the chamber by which also it was Consumed as by yor Confession will appeare contrary to the peace of our Soueraigne Lord the king his Croune & dignity the lawes of this Jurisdiction in that Case made & prouided title firing of houses = The prisoner at the barr pleaded & acknowledged hirselfe, to be Guilty of ye fact. And accordingly the next day being Again brought to the Barr had sentenc of death pronounct agt hir by the Honnoble Gounor yt she should Goe from the barr to the prison whenc she Came & thence to the place of Execution & there be burnt. = ye lord be mercifull to thy soule sd ye Gouer

Marja Negroes Indictment

& sentence

At the same sitting of the Court was the trial of the negro servant Jack for a similar crime, for setting "on fier Leiftenn Wm. Clarks house in north Hampton by taking a brand of fier from the hearth and swinging it up and down for to find victualls as by his Confession may Appeare," etc., whose sentence was to "be hanged by the neck till he be dead & then taken downe & burnt to Ashes in the fier wth Maria negro."

A few days later, warrants were ordered to issue for the "execution on the next lecture day, presently after the lecture according to their sentences," a third criminal for another offence being ordered to execution, at the same time, by hanging.

The only contemporary mention of the matter that I have found is the passage from the diary of Increase Mather quoted by "J. D. B.," but incorrectly attributed by him to the diary of Cotton Mather. This occurs among the extracts made therefrom by Dr. Belknap, a century ago, now in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Probably it is correctly copied by Dr. Belknap, but that original diary is not now to be found. In the portions of his diary in the library of the American Antiquarian Society, the only entry for that date is his memorandum of what he had been reading that day. The 1681 entries are the only ones covered by the interleaved Almanacs, and Dr. Belknap would seem to have copied from some more elaborate affair, selecting here and there such items as interested him. Cotton Mather's diary in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society contains no entries between the 19th September and the 1st October of that year.

The statement quoted from Mather's diary is explicit, but it does not necessarily prove that the woman was burnt alive. The expression "burnt to death" is common in sentences and in references to them. Under the law of England at the time and after, in cases of petit treason, a distinction was made between the sentences imposed on men and on women: the man was sentenced to be drawn to the place of execution and there hanged; the woman escaped being drawn, and was sentenced not to be hanged but to be burnt: and, according to Blackstone, in all treasons by the feminine sex, this distinction was observed. This continued till the St. 30 George Third, which changed the penalty to hanging. This distinction has been stated to have sprung from a deference to the sex and the respect due to feminine modesty, and the apparent barbarity of the punishment to have been usually mitigated in practice by fastening a cord to the stake and drawing it tightly about the neck of the woman, when the pile was lighted or before, until life was extinct—in effect strangling, or hanging without the attendant exposure.

Maria was tried, not for petit treason or for murder (and, except Mather's mention of a rumor, there is nothing to show that any life was lost), but under the law of 1652 against firing houses. Our colonial ancestors were sticklers for the strict observance of prescribed form and procedure, and the sentence here may have been given in analogy to the English practice mentioned. It is hard to see how the legality of the sentence can be questioned, though such question has been made; the statute fixing the punishment "to be put to death," but not fixing the mode of death.

Jack's offence seems to have been rather criminal carelessness than premeditated crime. Possibly the felony of firing houses by negroes may have seemed on the increase, as Mather notes in July "several houses in Boston and Roxbury set on fire at different times by negroes," and some penalty *in terrorem* judged expedient.

The words in the passage quoted, "the 1st yt has suffered such a death in N. E.," are not inconsistent with the mere noting of the first instance of such compliance with English practice. In the colonial period there appear on the court records now extant only two other instances of death sentence in the case of women—one in 1638, "for the unnatural and untimely death of her daughter," "to bee hanged"; and one in March, 1643-4, "condemned to death" for adultery. In 1691 sentence was ordered for infanticide, but not pronounced till 1693, in the days of the Province, and then by hanging.

If the woman was actually burned alive, it seems rather strange that Mather made no reflection upon it further than this brief note, and did not improve the occasion by a sermon, as he did in case of Faevor and Driver in 1674, Morgan in March, 1685-6, and another in 1698; and that Cotton Mather, who usually never failed to note any startling occurrence, is silent.

John Dunton, in his letters from New England, in one from Boston March 25, 1686, gives a very elaborate account of the execution of Morgan a few days before, which he sends as a "Piece of News, for there has not (it seems) been an Execution here this seven years. So that some have come 50 miles to see it"; and quite a full version of the "three excellent Sermons" "preached before him, before his execution," by the two Mathers and Joshua Moodey. From this it might seem that the execution of 1681 had not had any remarkable features or left a very deep impression.

The case of Maria is considered by Mr. Goodell in his paper upon the *murder of* Capt. Codman in 1755 by his negro servant Phillis, contained in volume xx. of First Series Proceedings of Massachusetts Historical Society.

J. N.

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"LETTERS OF EMERSON TO A FRIEND."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In my note to you of November 4, I said that no one of "Emerson's Letters to a Friend" had been previously published. This is true as regards the whole of any one of the letters; but, since writing to you, I have been reminded of what I ought to have remembered, that a portion of two of the letters appeared in Mr. Cabot's admirable 'Memoir' of Emerson. These two letters are those numbered xxi. and xxviii., and parts of them are to be found respectively on pp. 473 and 554 of the 'Memoir.'

Very truly yours,

C. E. NORTON.

Notes.

W. H. Lowdermilk & Co., Washington, D. C., have in press a work on 'The Spanish Civil Law of Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippine Islands,' with references to the codes of Mexico, Central and South America, by Clifford Stevens Walton.

The Dominion Company, Chicago, have nearly ready 'War in South Africa: The Dark Continent from Savagery to Civilization,' by William Harding.

Miss Mabel Craft, author of 'Hawaii Nei,' has to tell of a trip to Mexico in her 'Below the Rio Grande,' announced by the Doxey Book Co., San Francisco.

E. P. Dutton & Co. are about to publish the first of a series of volumes to be known as "Saintly Lives," under the editorship of Dr. R. F. Horton. It is by Anna M. Stoddard, and relates the life of Mrs. Elizabeth Pease Nichol, whose name is familiar to readers of the Life of Garrison as one of his stanchest and most valued supporters in Great Britain, yet whose death was comparatively recent. Another series undertaken by the same house is "Master Musicians," edited by F. J. Crowest, and beginning with Beethoven.

From the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons will issue 'The Wheat Problem,' by C. Wood Davis and John Hyde, and 'First Principles in Politics,' by William Samuel Lilly.

New announcements by Macmillan Company are 'On the Theory and Practice of Art-Enamelling upon Metals,' by H. Cunynghame, and 'Imperative Surgery,' by Howard Lilienthal, M.D.

C. P. Farrell, 117 East Twenty-first Street, New York, will shortly issue the "Dresden Edition" of the complete works of the late Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, in twelve octavo volumes, of which one will be legal and include his speech at the Star Route Trial, and one patriotic-political.

Forthcoming from Gebhardt & Wilisch (Leipzig; New York: Lemcke & Buechner) is 'Deutscher Sprachhort,' a dictionary of German style, by Prof. Albert Heintze. It will embrace and comment upon every word in whose form, signification, or correlation (*Fügung*) there is anything worth remarking, with distinction of the vulgar from the literary, prosaic from poetical, etc.

Nothing could be more fitting than the conjunction, in a uniform edition, of the Life of Tennyson, by his son, and the poet's Complete Works. The Life is the most intimate commentary possible upon the verse, and those who wish to get nearest to the maker's thoughts cannot dispense with it. The Macmillan Company, feeling this, have divided the Life into four duodecimo volumes, and added the six of the edition of 1896, binding them in a green cloth richly stamped, with gilt tops, and putting a moderate price upon the set. By this combination it is to be remarked that the poet's own portrait gallery of six photographs from life (including two by Mrs. Cameron and the fine one by Rejlander) or from Watts's painting is increased by two, the Lawrence and the interesting daguerreotype of 1838, while Watts's portraits of Mrs. Tennyson and her two sons complete the family group. It may be worth recalling that there is, in the final volume, besides the usual indexes to first lines and to titles, an index to first lines for the several divisions of "In Memoriam." Further comment on this happy idea, elegantly carried out, appears to us superfluous.

A two-volume 'Villette' in the "Thornton Edition" of the novels of the Sisters Brontë, of which the brief introductions are from the pen of Temple Scott (London: Downey & Co.; New York: Scribners), has, like its predecessors, its signal merit in the unusually bold typography. For aged or impaired vision this edition has no rival. Simultaneously we receive the first volume, 'Jane Eyre,' of the new "Haworth Edition" (Harpers), of which the print is fine by comparison, but both legible and comely. It is illustrated with portraits and scenes, and Mrs. Humphry Ward furnishes an introduction. In part she undisguisedly acts the devil's advocate for her author as respects an estimate of the novel in question; but she finds the magic power in Charlotte Brontë's personality, and lays much stress upon the Celtic strain in her. She also speculates on what French literature may have done for her after her first work. The introduction is agreeably written and fairly convincing.

We note the appearance in the "Centenary Edition" of Carlyle's Writings (Scribners) of volume iv. of the Critical and Miscellaneous Essays. In one of these, on "The Nigger Question" (1849), occurs the rational comment on the patrol of the African coast against slavers, that it would be more effectual to "go to Cuba and Brazil with a sufficiency of Seventy-fours" and enforce the negro's right to freedom. "Chartism" and "Dr. Francia" are other notable essays in this volume.

Mr. Augustine Birrell, with an introduction, and with a scrupulous observance of the text, and spelling of the two original editions of the 'Essays of Elia'; Mr. Charles E. Brock, with clever pen and etching-needle; and Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. (New York: Scribners), with their customary taste in manufacture, have produced an acceptable reprint, in two volumes, of the classic just designated. The form is 16mo, and the wine-colored covers (ominous choice of tint) are ornamented with a flowing design.

The incongruities which sum up the work of James Whitcomb Riley characterize the volume called 'Riley Love-Lyrics' (Indianapolis: Bowen-Merrill Co.). To begin with, his most sentimental, tender, and refined verse jostles against his dialect humor; then the letterpress is unevenly spaced; and finally, the "illustrations" are photographs from living models or from scenery—few so good as the lilies at p. 63, or the face ("beautiful eyes") at p. 61. Still, Mr. Riley's admirers will not desert him for these shortcomings.

Mr. Henry Newbolt's 'Stories from Froissart' (Macmillan) consists of a selection of stirring fights or adventures from the ever-popular chronicler. The extracts are taken from Lord Berners's sixteenth-century translation, with a reasonable amount of modernizing of words and phrases in order to adapt the book for presentation to the youth of both sexes. The general nature of the work may be known from the fact of its dealing chiefly with the principal battles of the Hundred Years' War—Sluys, Crécy, Poictiers—together with tournaments and similar actions characteristic of chivalric life. One division, "The Battle of Les Espagnols-sur-Mer," not contained in Berners, has been translated by the present editor in a diction and style well in keeping with his model. Froissart's tour through southern France, with its attendant incidents, holds a deservedly prominent place, and gives the reader some impression of the strangely adventurous elements in the otherwise commonplace lives of the period. "Orthon, the Familiar Spirit," illustrates the superstitious attitude of Froissart's time in the form of a popular tale based on telepathic communication, but differs from the so-called *scientific* modern instances in dwelling rather on the ethical than on the puzzling features of the narrative. Mr. Newbolt's introduction, which is accurate and suitably short, is intended to stimulate a love of action and courage, and to prepare its young readers on both sides of the Atlantic for sharing in maturer life the sentiments of community in race-feeling to which the author discreetly alludes.

Mr. Paul Dachsel's 'Eight Years Among the Malays' (Milwaukee: The Author) may well serve as a guide to what we may expect in the Philippines, for it indicates the immorality and other decadence which the Dutch and their various mercenaries have incurred in the East Indies. It is a series of reminiscences of Sumatra.

The composition of Greek verse is a laborious but sure way of acquiring a certain insight into the rhythm of Greek poetry and the subtleties of the Greek language that mere translation into English cannot give. In England a classical scholar who could not, with the ease of practice, render a passage of Milton into Greek iambics, would be thought to lack the copingstone of his training. In the crowded hours of an American education, verse composition happily has no place. The publication of a new hand-book on the subject, though it will smooth the path of many an English schoolboy, has little interest for us; yet Mr. Rouse's 'Greek Iambic Verse' (Cambridge (Eng.): University Press; New York: Macmillan) is worthy of attention even from classical students who will never put it to practical use. His demonstrations in the art, and illustrations of the metrical value of groups of Greek words and the use of metaphors, are enough to show that, given the right sort of teaching, verse composition is no mere *tour de force*, but an exercise that would insure in the right sort of student an appreciation of Greek poetry well worth the candle. We have seen no other aid to verse composition that is half so clear and scientific; the book could, in fact, be used with profit by any one who wished to acquire some facility in

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Greek iambics and must dispense with a teacher.

If the contributions of Thomas Hamilton Murray had been omitted from 'The Irish Washingtons,' the pamphlet would be an interesting addition to what is known of the Washington family. Whatever of value it possesses is to be found in a letter from George Washington of Dublin, a man who has made some study of the genealogy of his family, and accepts the earlier records of the Wessyngtons, that unnecessary creation of the first investigators. The point of interest lies in the link connecting the Royalist, Henry Washington, with Ireland. At the Restoration, the claims of pay for service were settled by grants of forfeited lands in Ireland, and Henry received an interest in lands in the barony of Moydow, County Longford. Just across the border, in County Roscommon, Washingtons have lived for two centuries. William Washington was chief tax-collector of the port of Limerick in 1636, and was apparently appointed under the patronage of Sir Thomas Wentworth. An older brother, Darcy Washington, had married a daughter of Matthew Wentworth of Bretton. Here the value of the pamphlet ends, but enough is given to point to the family of Richard Washington of Yorkshire. That some connection with the family of the President may later be shown is very probable; but it is hardly possible that the Irish Washingtons, or those of their descendants in this country, will be able to claim a very close relationship with the great American. The pamphlet is issued by the Carrollton Press, Boston.

America has not rivalled the mother countries in producing hymns; but Mr. W. A. Hausmann of Johns Hopkins, in his doctor's dissertation on 'German-American Hymnology, 1683-1800,' offers some evidence that "the German-American hymn forms an integral part, not only of German, but of American literature." He presents an array of twenty-seven hymnists of the last century—Lutherans, Moravians, Dunkers, Mennonites, etc., all in Pennsylvania. Apart from Count Zinzendorf, who wrote a few hymns while in America, the most picturesque figure, and by far the most voluminous writer, among these was Conrad Beissel of Ephrata, of whom more might be said than is here set down. In fact, Mr. Hausmann's review of the Ephrata hymns is disappointing. He cites but one, and that without giving its authorship. He does not state that the quarto 'Paradisisches Wunderspiel' contains 441 hymns by Beissel, and 284 by other inmates of the Ephrata cloister; nor that among these the "Brothers' Song" and "Sisters' Song" reach the probably unequalled length of 215 and 250 stanzas. Ludwig Höcker, schoolmaster at Ephrata, and the first to hold a Sunday-school in America, wrote hymns; so did Peter Miller, the learned prior of the cloister, and sundry others. These deserve more notice than Mr. Hausmann gives to the erratic Sangmeister, whose ideas and versification alike are beneath criticism.

'The Copper Mining Industry and the Distribution of Copper Ores in New South Wales,' by J. E. Carne, has been published as No. 6 of the "Mineral Resources" series of the Geological Survey of the colony. It deals with the history of the industry, which, after languishing for several years, entered upon a new era of prosperity about 1894, when the Great Cobar mine was reopened under the advantages of improved methods of ore reduction and of rapid transport by rail to the sea-board. All of the known cupriferous deposits of New South Wales are described, and a brief account is given, for purposes of comparison, of some of the principal copper mines of other countries. A compilation of the analyses of various samples of fire-clays affords some useful information. The monograph fills 200 pages, is copiously illustrated, and contains a map showing the mining divisions and districts of the colony.

The one hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Berlin (Charlottenburg) Technical Hochschule was celebrated with great pomp on the 19th and 20th of October. The event of the day was the announcement, on the part of the Prussian Minister of Education, of a decree bestowing upon the institution the right of conferring the doctor's degree, and upon its rector the title of "His Magnificence." It is thus that the Gordian knot over which so many learned minds had been working in vain was cut by the modern Alexander. The Emperor, in a speech remarkable for its combination of old-time autocratic ideas with the enlightenment and appreciation of our own scientific age, referred to the relation of university and technical Hochschule in the distich of Goethe: "Gleich sei Keiner dem Andern, doch gleich sei Jeder dem Höchsten! Wie das zu machen? Es sei Jeder vollendet in sich!" German industrial and commercial firms presented to the school the sum of one and a half million marks "for the promotion of research in technical science."

Sundry calendars press for notice as the new year draws nigh. R. H. Russell sends us 'An Almanac of the Revolution,' with a baker's dozen of corded sheets designed by Ernest Clifford Peixotto, who fits the incident to the month where practicable, as in the case of the embattled farmers and of Washington crossing the Delaware, or shows us Mt. Vernon or Independence Hall —all in nervous black-and-white with a little dash of color; and a "Zodiac Calendar," with pictures by Chester Loomis, humorously clever designs from child life. From E. P. Dutton & Co. (London: Ernest Nister) come many devices in color—"The Landseer Calendar," "Shakspere's Heroines," "The Holy Family," "The Chrysanthemum," "The Carnation," "The Bachelor's Calendar of Sports" (women participants only), and an ingenious "Old Father Time," with revolutions worked by strings—the last as pleasing as any.

Mr. Jacques Reich, No. 2 West Fourteenth Street, has diligently pursued his etching of portraits on a large scale, and offers five new ones for the present season, of which we think the Tennyson is likely to be the favorite. In the case of Whittier, the artist had the privilege of making a sketch from life, but at the latter end, which accounts for his choice of the poet's decadent physiognomy. Holmes's portrait likewise has had the benefit of a personal study. The Lowell and the Bryant are after familiar models. On the whole, this series shows Mr. Reich holding firmly to his art.

Only older playgoers will be able to appreciate the excellence of the portrait of the late John Sleeper Clarke, which Mr. F. Gutekunst of Philadelphia has just added to his gallery of public characters. It represents Mr. Clarke as he appeared in his mature prime, and plainly suggests the mellow humor with which he overflowed in such parts as *Major de Boots* and *Toodles*. He was one of the last survivors of the old school of Blake, Burton, and others, and this picture of him is welcome as an aid to pleasant remembrance.

The issue of the second edition of the Leaflet on Cheap Baths mentioned in these columns as given gratis to applicants has been delayed by the illness of the author, and by his learning that, in some instances, the material suggested for the baths has not been found as durable as it should be for the purpose. He has sent out inquiries to dealers in waterproof materials, with a view to find the one best suited to the purpose, its cost, etc. Meantime, he will be glad if any who have made baths according to the directions in the first issue of the Leaflet, will communicate with him by postal card as to any difficulty they may have found in following the instructions, and also as to the durability of the baths. The address of the author is E. T. Potter, No. 25 Catharine Street, Newport, R. I.

—In the current issue (for November) of the Harvard *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, Prof. J. H. Gray concludes a series of articles on the gas-supply of Boston, which are in their way unique. No doubt the tale would be much the same as to other cities —indeed, its significance lies in the fact that the case is a typical one; but nowhere else have the operations of the gas financiers been so completely laid bare. Even as to Boston, there are twists and windings in their manipulations so tortuous as to make it impossible for the legislative investigator or the economic student to follow them. But the main facts are clear. In 1885, the old Boston gas companies were confronted by a rival, the Bay State concern, captained by the notorious Addicks, who got a franchise and legal standing by sugared promises of active competition and cheap gas. The era of competition, as ever in such cases, was brief; within a year or two, the old companies were swallowed by the seductive newcomer, who thus got command of virtually the entire gas supply. Both in the formation of the original Bay State concern, and in the absorption of the old companies, stocks and bonds were poured out in the most approved style of modern financiering, chiefly in the name of dummy corporations organized in New Jersey and Delaware. Some of the water was squeezed out by the Massachusetts Legislature, but most of it remains, superimposed on the real investment in the industry. A few years later, in 1893, the game was repeated. Another gas company, this time fathered by the Standard Oil magnates, appeared on the scene, again with promises of cheap gas through beneficent competition. Again permission was secured to tear up the streets and lay duplicate mains, and again, within three years, the newcomer swallowed the rivals, old and new, and still another batch of securities was piled up, representing wasted capital or no capital at all. The story is a long and curious one in its details, with the cajoling of the public and the Legislature, the evasion of statutory restrictions, the wonderful complex of dummy corporations and wheels within wheels. The main lessons are obvious enough: competition in such an industry is

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delusive, combination and monopoly are inevitable, public control and public inspection are imperative. But our municipalities are wofully slow in learning these simple lessons.

—The Bishop Museum of Honolulu has issued the first number of its Memoirs, a handsome quarto of 83 pages, with fifteen plates and many illustrations in the text. It has been prepared by the Director, Prof. W. T. Brigham, and printed at the private press of the Museum. The subject of the Memoir is the remarkable feather work in which the Hawaiians at the time of their discovery were so expert. The objects thus ornamented were chiefly ceremonial, and connected with preparations for battle or functions of royalty—court dresses or paraphernalia of festivities or funerals. They comprised, among other things, cloaks or capes; helmets of very graceful design; *leis* or garlands, worn in the hair or around the neck; and *kahilis*, or standards, which were used much as European nations use banners. Figures of wicker-work, covered with a netting in which feathers were inserted, and representing a conventionalized human head and neck, were used as religious emblems or idols, to which worship and offerings were addressed. The feathers were mostly yellow, red, and black, less frequently green or varied, ingeniously interwoven with the fibres of a kind of ramie, and frequently formed a velvety pile concealing the fibrous foundation. The feathers were obtained from native birds, some of which are now extinct, and the brilliancy and elegance of the completed product are frequently referred to by the early voyagers. Prof. Brigham has illustrated copiously the various types of feather work, and prepared a very comprehensive list of specimens known to exist in the collections of the world, among which, in this line, the Bishop Museum easily ranks first. The result is a contribution to Polynesian ethnology which reflects credit on the author and the museum he so efficiently directs, and will be of permanent service to students.

—Dr. Thomas Wilson's 'Blue-Beard: A Contribution to History and Folk-Lore' (Putnams) is the fruit of a diplomatic appointment. Some years ago the author went to Nantes as United States Consul, and there came in contact with the original records of the trial and execution of Gilles de Rais, Marshal of France, and the supposed original of Blue-Beard. The archives of crime, whether ancient or modern, do not yield a worse case than this. The tragedy is not a new one to historians, for Michelet gives a long account of it, Martin notices it, and, for the earlier life of Gilles, Quicherat furnishes more than a little information. To be brief, this nobleman, who belonged to one of the greatest families in Brittany and had been with Jeanne d'Arc at the siege of Orleans, took to magic and sorcery. Reckless prodigality had, in spite of his large estates, stripped him of money, and, in company with an Italian alchemist, he opened a laboratory at one of his castles. In their search for the Philosopher's Stone they pushed transcendental chemistry so far that they did not shrink from taking life freely and in the most ghastly way. During eight years their emissaries searched the country for infants and children, abducting them wherever theft was not dangerous, and bringing them to the fatal chamber. Thus fifty perished. At last, when common report had singled out Gilles, the Bishop of Nantes caused his arrest. Considering the feudal resources of the criminal, it is strange that he surrendered without a struggle, but perhaps he knew that the Duke of Brittany had promised the Bishop assistance. At any rate he stood his trial at Nantes in 1440, was sentenced and executed. Parts of his confession Dr. Wilson has judiciously omitted. Gilles died repentant, and by true popular perversity has been turned into a kind of local saint. An altar was erected to his memory which, since the 15th century, has taken the name, "Bonne Vierge de Créé-Lait"! Dr. Wilson's study of this gruesome case is marked by tact and has historical value. As for the folk-lore element, he assumes that Perrault took Gilles de Rais for the Blue-Beard of his 'Contes de Mère l'Oye,' and does not seriously consider any other source. We may add that wife-murder does not enter into the authentic Breton tragedy.

—Is the scientific imagination to be deprived, at last, of its one *pou sto?* For a long time we have rested contentedly upon the atom, that un-cut-up-able little thing which we thought ourselves not called upon to analyze further. But here comes Prof. J. J. Thompson (at the last meeting of the British Association) with a paper on "The Existence of Masses Smaller than Atoms." Different methods led him to different results as to the ratio of the mass of an atom to the electric charge which it can carry—results which differ from each other a thousandfold. Does the atom, in the one case, carry a charge less than that required by Faraday's laws, or is the charge borne by a small portion of it only? By means of a beautiful crucial experiment, Prof. Thompson comes to the conclusion that electrification consists in the removal from the "atom" of a small corpuscle with which the negative charge is associated, the remaining large portion of the mass being positively charged. Years ago, Professor (now Sir Norman) Lockyer maintained the existence of forms of certain elements whose atomic weights were sub-multiples of those assigned to them in ordinary chemistry; but at that time the inertia of the scientific imagination was such that it refused to accept his results. Now that there is renewed reason for believing that the atom is not the end-all and be-all, the scientist must feel as if his world had been shaken to its foundations.

—After the wreck of the Chinese Emperor's schemes of reform and the rout of the reformers by death and exile, it is interesting to see what remains. Since 1869 there has been, in Peking, the Tung Wen College, in which Chinese young men were trained to be interpreters and official servants for those posts in which more or less communication with foreigners was necessary. In this institution the American scholar, Dr. W. A. P. Martin, well known through his translations and books on China, has been, since 1869, professor of international law. Although the proposed scheme of a new national system of public schools failed, yet the idea of a Chinese university, according to modern and Occidental principles, has been finely carried out. New edifices on grounds adjoining the imperial palace have been erected, and five million ounces of silver was provided for the initiation and maintenance of the university. From the first, Li Hung Chang has supported the enterprise, and Dr. W. A. P. Martin has been its official organizing and active head. Four hundred picked native students, of good family and advanced culture, have been, since the opening of the year, studying here, under the eight American and European professors. The library, which is housed in a substantial and handsome new edifice, shows by its wealth of modern and scientific works how the whole note of Chinese culture is being changed. In connection with the university, a school of medicine has been opened, and provision is already made for the schools of mining, agriculture, and engineering, which will be opened in due course. This is one of the tide-marks of progress in the rise of a reforming sentiment in China, which, issuing especially from the central provinces, has so asserted itself that even reactionary conservatism in Peking, has had to make concessions to its demands.

—'Siam, das Reich des weissen Elefanten,' by Ernst von Hesse-Wartegg (Leipzig: J. J. Weber; New York: Lemcke & Buechner), is a profusely and well-illustrated volume. The text is made up of articles, written, as we judge from internal evidence, between 1894 or 1895, when the author visited the Indo-Chinese peninsula, and 1897, the year of King Chulalongkorn's European journey. Certain defects of composition and style, due to this manner of production, do not, however, deprive the work of its intrinsic value as a rich and interesting source of information on the land and people of which it treats. The experienced traveller knew how to use to best advantage the unusual opportunities which were open to him. He saw much and has much to tell of the last independent kingdom of India; of its ruler, the most absolute that ever sat on a throne, but not the worst, to judge by the reforms instituted and carried forward by him; of the magnificent palaces, gardens, and temples, and Oriental splendor and display the counterpart of which is to be found only in the 'Arabian Nights'; of much poverty, also, and misery among the people, caused largely by the numerous Chinese, who—with the Government's sanction!—pander to the natives' passion for gambling; of domestic and public life and customs, of priesthood and religious functions, courts and administration of justice, of commercial and industrial activity, and of the army and navy, which, like some other branches of the government, are in charge of Europeans. In short, the book gives us a complete picture of the strange world resulting from the clashing and blending of widely different civilizations under the tropical sky on the banks of the Menam, the "mother of waters," with Ayuthia, the ancient city of kings, now in ruins; with modern Ayuthia and its floating population—in the literal sense of the word, for the whole city is built on ships; with Bang-pa-in, the "Versailles of Siam," and, above all, with Bangkok, the fairy city, in the midst of a vegetation harboring in its forests and jungles the orang-outang, crocodile, tiger, rhinoceros, and elephant—the white elephant, we were going to say, but, alas! a special chapter devoted to him informs us that he does not exist and never has existed; a somewhat lighter skin or large patches of a dirty flesh-tint being the only excuses for that time-honored euphemism.

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WYETH'S FORREST.

Life of General Nathan Bedford Forrest. By John Allen Wyeth, M.D. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. xx, 656.

Forrest was a picturesque character—few, if any, were more so; and he has had a correspondingly strong hold on the imagination of all who served with him on the Confederate side during the civil war. Dr. Wyeth's fine volume is proof that the enthusiasm of Southern soldiers for him has hardly waned; perhaps it has even waxed greater with the passing years since he disbanded his troopers, and set them the good example of completest acceptance of the reëstablished national government. A man who was wholly illiterate, and whose business life had been that of a slave-trader, was greatly handicapped in the race for military honors. The South was fighting for its "peculiar institution," but its prominent men and its well-to-do people looked down on the slave-dealer and avoided close association with him. He was not in a respectable employment, however necessary to their system. Consequently, when his audacious courage at the head of a regiment began to attract attention, it became plain that his was not to be the easy path to official recognition. He was by no means a "favorite son."

Step by step he won distinction in leading cavalry raids, always preferring the independent column to the more regular cavalry service with a great army. In such expeditions he was easily chief among the leaders of mounted troops in the South. His reckless daring always made him seek the personal leadership of a charge, and, more than any other commander of large bodies of troops, he won by the enthusiasm he excited by his own participation in hand-to-hand encounters. In this respect he was the ideal cavalry leader, in spite of the fact that he lacked the knowledge of tactics necessary in the best organization and instruction of the troops of his favorite arm. Even so warm a eulogist as Dr. Wyeth has to admit that his forces lacked discipline, and retained the qualities of irregulars to the last.

So long as we deal with the work he actually accomplished, almost unstinted praise may be given him as a soldier, and the attractive brilliancy of the figure he cut is matter of common fame and universal assent. As is usual in such cases, his admirers will not rest here, but assert for him the abilities of a general of the highest order, equal to any command. It is possible that he would have been equal to the leadership of a great army; but as he never was tried with such a responsibility, it is mere speculation to discuss the question. It is certain that the larger his commands became, the less he stood out as peculiar in power or success, and we have to confess, on careful analysis, that he owed more to the glaring incompetence of the men opposed to him than to the wisdom of his own conduct.

As a subordinate, he certainly was not a success. He quarrelled with Bragg, he quarrelled with Wheeler, and used influence and importunity to get away from the larger armies, even at the cost of leaving his experienced troops and going off to recruit fresh regiments for adventurous raids in secondary theatres of operation. In the battle with A. J. Smith, near Tupelo, Miss., when S. D. Lee was in chief command, it is only too plain that Forrest again failed as a subordinate to fulfil the duty assigned him. A bloody defeat ensued, and it requires subtle argument to absolve Forrest from responsibility for lukewarm coöperation.

His attempted raid upon Sherman's railway communications in October, 1864, was his own plan, submitted to Mr. Davis and authorized by him. Dr. Wyeth's praise of the results will not stand close examination. The stubborn fact remains that Forrest did not reach, much less interrupt, Sherman's railway line from Nashville to Chattanooga, which was the distinct objective of the raid. He burned bridges and trestles on the Decatur and Nashville line, captured some garrisons and bridge-guards, but declined to try conclusions with the troops under Gen. Rousseau, sent against him by Thomas. He shared Hood's disastrous campaign of the winter, and the spring witnessed his defeat by Wilson in the Selma campaign, which ended his military career.

The successes which gave him his real reputation were his earlier raids, with comparatively small bodies of troops, who could live on the country and go anywhere. His dash, his daring, his speed were all above praise, and marked him as an ideal partisan. But, even then, had he been dealing with experienced opponents, he would have accomplished little. By sheer "cheek" and brag, he seared green commanders of small garrisons into surrender, by systematically threatening to slaughter and take no prisoners, and by getting his opponent to come under a flag of truce, and be cheated into exaggerated ideas of his force, by petty tricks of twice or thrice counting his men. Such successes would, of course, end when garrisons were taught that the threats were hollow, and that, anyhow, they must fight.

This "breathing out slaughter" was part of Forrest's character through his whole career. His biographer treats it as only an amusing thing, which never meant anything serious, and, by repetition of this theory in all cases where it duped weak men into surrender, tries to exonerate him from criminality in the glaring case of Fort Pillow, where, the game of "bluff" having failed, the threatened slaughter became a horrible reality. In No. 1787 of the *Nation*, a correspondent, himself a veteran of the civil war, quotes Forrest's exultant dispatch of April 15, 1863, in which he gloried in the deed and did not hide its horrors. On the 26th the outcry of indignant humanity had been heard, and Forrest made a new report, so contrasted with the first in tone and in asserted details that it can have little weight as history.

All testimony of those who knew him shows that while Forrest was mild and even genial in his deportment on ordinary and peaceful occasions, he was transformed into a sort of demoniac rage in battle or in a personal quarrel. At such times he was apparently beside himself, and did the most inexcusable things. Messengers, his staff, his subordinates, and other officers are shown to have suffered from his passion. Dr. Wyeth has candidly admitted the truth of this; but the admission neutralizes his theory that the dire threats of "no quarter" which Forrest habitually used during his whole career, were to be taken in a Pickwickian sense. The threats of such a man would not grow less frantic in the moment of storming a fort while he himself was suffering from bruises got in being unhorsed in the attack. Self-control, so lost, is not regained in the culminating moment of the maddening excitement, nor would that be the moment in which he could unteach the lessons his repeated threats had taught his soldiery.

The correspondent mentioned opened the question of the policy and the orders of the Davis Government in regard to our negro troops, and quoted from the New Series of Official Records the Resolution of the Confederate Congress of May 1, 1863. The volume indicated is part of the Records relating to prisoners of war, the publication of which is only begun. Events were moving fast. The Confederate threats were met with notice of retaliation, and soon became a dead letter. By the time of the storming of Fort Pillow, Southern opinion had so much changed that Gen. Cleburne, with other prominent officers of the army in Georgia, had memorialized their superiors on the necessity of emancipation and the enlistment of negroes in their own service. Another campaign brought them to the acceptance of this doctrine and the actual beginning of such enlistment.

It will hardly do, therefore, to palliate Forrest's acts on the plea of superior orders. We look in vain for any parallel in the case of other commanding officers, whose orders would be the same. No practical difference seems to have been made at the South in the treatment of white and black prisoners from 1864 to the end; or the difference would be found in sporadic cases, where the passions of individual men broke over the usual custom. It is not unfair to treat the slaughter at Fort Pillow as the natural outcome of Forrest's methods and character. As he is shown by his biographer to have repented and atoned for other outbursts of passion, we are at liberty to assume that, after this gust of battle rage, he felt remorse for what was done. His early life prepared him for bloody execution when a garrison, mostly negroes, defied his summons and the fort was stormed.

As to the sincerity of his acceptance of the fall of the Confederacy and the value of his efforts to make a real and lasting peace, we can go heartily with Dr. Wyeth in his eulogy. An authentic incident not before published may add to the evidence of this. In the bitterest time of the reconstruction period, a Memphis paper called upon the people to boycott a Northern merchant who was in business there, and threatened to publish a black-list of those who traded with him. A day or two later the merchant was surprised to see Gen. Forrest enter his store. Forrest looked over the stock of plantation supplies and tools, and, with orderly deliberation, made out a considerable list for purchase, expressing himself glad that so good a stock was within the reach of neighboring planters. Some one present could not help making allusion to the black-list, and the General with grim dignity said he had come in early to offer to head the list. It need hardly be said that this was the end of that boycott.

We may remember that Forrest was cruel in the battle-storm, when, without having learned it through the poet, he followed the injunction of the eighth Harry, to "disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage"; but justice demands that we should not forget with what simple-minded earnestness he stood for equal rights and a re-

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newed fellowship with the freedmen as citizens when the strife was over. Had he been willing to accept office, it might have been that we should have seen him returned to Congress by negro votes, as we saw there Gen. Chalmers, who was his second in command at Fort Pillow.

Nothing is added to the romantic career of the man by trying to make of him a Lee or a Johnston. As a striking figure in history, he shows to best advantage by remaining simply himself, with his defects and his faults, his limitations and his extraordinary leadership within his scope. We could wish that Dr. Wyeth had not attributed to him that verbose and rather stilted rhetoric of his proclamations and orders. Consciousness of his lack of education made him defer too much to the oratorical vein of his staff, or even to admire, as a thing quite beyond his own reach, the pretty compositions into which they turned his rough, but terse and trenchant, vernacular.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The great demand for Mr. G. L. Gomme's 'King's Story-Book' and 'Queen's Story-Book' has led the same editor to publish a third volume of selections which is entitled 'The Prince's Story-Book' (Longmans). It is avowedly compiled with a view to the Christmas trade, and should find favor with the benevolent uncle. The passages traverse English history from Harold to Victoria, and are taken almost wholly from the novelists. William of Malmesbury and Froissart come in, but the other authors are Sir Walter, Lytton, Peacock, James, Ainsworth, Cooper, etc. Nearly every reign is represented, and the several pieces maintain a high average of literary merit. For thoughtful children who have reached their teens, it is a gift-book of the best sort.

'The Listening Child,' by Lucy W. Thacher (Macmillan), is a selection from the English poetry of 600 years to suit a child's need. There is comparatively little narrative poetry, much of the very best lyric, to catch the child's ear by its tune and hold his mind by its fancy. Of course children will appreciate this lofty rhyme in varying degrees, but all will find here something to appropriate intimately, will gain from the reading a real intellectual pleasure and education of taste. Shakspere and the Elizabethans justly have a large place, followed by the moderns, while the earlier poets and balladists back to Chaucer are grouped at the end of the book. Notes explain uncommon words and allusions that might cause trouble to the child who reads to himself. The introductory essay on English poetry succeeds admirably in putting the gist of the matter, philosophically and historically, in a compact and pleasing form for young readers.

From various sources, where they were printed under different noms de plume, Mr. R. Brimley Johnson has gathered a number of the late W. B. Rands's verses for children, which are published by John Lane under the title of 'Lilliput Lyrics.' Many of them are really too slight to bear reprinting, but some pieces hold their own by virtue of an imaginative quality and a truly lyrical rhythm. A child may well chuckle over that which tells how

> "the children, clever bold folks,
> Have turned the tables upon the Old Folks,"

and of the new laws that they made:

> "Never do to-day what you can
> Put off till to-morrow, one of them ran."

The binding is attractive, if one can rise superior to a suspicion that the geese on the cover imply a jeer; and the numerous illustrations are from the clever, original hand of Charles Robinson.

The 'Gallant Little Patriots' of Maud and Mabel Humphrey (F. A. Stokes Co.) presents a timely variation in the chubby darlings which Miss Maud Humphrey delights to paint, and which in real life are sometimes considered such amusing toys. These beflurbelowed dolls, however, are quite a distinct order of being from real children, who imitate their elders in no such half-hearted fashion. With them, too, war is—war, and the best bred hardly escape from that game without dirt and torn clothes.

The advent of 'Father Goose, his Book' (Chicago: Geo. M. Hill Co.) is thus explained on its first page:

> "Old Mother Goose became quite new.
> And joined a Woman's Club:
> She left poor Father Goose at home
> To care for Sis and Bub."

But time must prove the prophecy that follows—

> "When Mother Goose at last returned,
> For her there was no use;
> The goslings much preferred to hear
> The tales of Father Goose."

We fear this time of many books even in the nursery has waxed too late for Mr. L. Frank Baum with his taking jingles, and Mr. W. W. Denslow with the bold pictures in which he makes such able use of red, yellow, and gray, to step into the place held by old Mother Goose in the days before she became aware of her shortcomings and went to the club to amend them. In fact, even if she herself should return in chastened mood to offer her expurgated and adapted rhymes, she would find herself confronted by competition from which she might well shrink. Miss Edith Steinthal's 'New Rhymes for Nursery Times' (London: Nister; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.) has no flings at the old lady, but continues her vein with considerable success, to the accompaniment of pretty colored designs.

'Jack, the Young Ranchman,' by George Bird Grinnell (Frederick A. Stokes Co.), is a story of hunting adventures and the wild Western life of twenty years ago. To read about such a life seems to any boy a poor substitute for sharing it, but few will be the Eastern boys lucky enough to spend six months in any region stocked with game as was the scene of Jack's adventures; and most of our young friends to-day must be content to do their hunting for big game between the covers of a book by a snug fireside. In this one the bear, antelope, and deer may be tracked across each page, and much curious information about the habits of wild creatures now on their way to extinction will be gathered from the talk of Uncle Will and old Hugh, the mountain hunter.

Four stories selected from his book, 'Wild Animals I have Known,' are published by Ernest Seton Thompson under the title 'Lobo, Rag, and Vixen' (Scribners). Mr. Thompson's admirable stories are too well known to need much comment, but we should wish to warn a highly imaginative and sensitive child that tears await him at each ending. A necessary tragedy closes each of the lives so sympathetically sketched; for, as Mr. Thompson says, no wild creature dies of old age.

The child's rapt interest in his grandmother's stories of old times is near akin to his mother's fascination with details of neighborhood gossip, in the dependence of both upon personality. Printed, both the stories and the gossip are wont to lose their charm, dull chronicles of a misty past matching the dulness of newspaper scandal. But, happily, in Marion Harland's 'When Grandmamma Was New' (Lothrop Publishing Company) a practised writer takes up the pen and brings art to supplement the personal interest. Thus she succeeds in recalling a vanished childhood in a series of pictures likely to amuse both children and those who love and study children. The critic inclined to demur at "a *new* grandmamma" must understand that the title phrase is of a child's devising.

Any child with a spark of humor will be glad to stock its library with 'Peter Newell's Pictures and Rhymes' (Harpers). Mr. Newell's manner is purely his own; his range is limited, but he seldom fails to amuse directly, and now and again he suggests a high power of imagination and draughtsmanship. Such was observable in his illustrations to the 'House-boat on the Styx,' and appears here in the admirable drawings of a cat in "A Statement," and of the little girl Sallie, who "murmured not" like the stream flowing under the bridge on which she was being kissed. The Dory and the Codfish conversing about attendance on the Fish Ball have a Japanese fidelity to animated nature. For mere conceit, one cannot tire of the lassie afraid of the "wild" flowers, or of the other who grows a "dairy" of milkweed, buttercup, and cowslip, or of the clever Indian boy shooting his arrow into the brook and always hitting the "bull's-eye" of the ripples. Mr. Bangs, in the prefatory account of the artist, makes him a native of Illinois, born in 1862.

In looking over 'The Jingle Book,' by Carolyn Wells (Macmillan), one realizes how delightful a toy is the English language. Our often deplored irregularities, our habit of admitting everything, requiring no barbarities to be tamed to euphonic rules, have provided us with a fine variety of words and rhymes, matchless to play with; as the tale of "The Tutor" illustrates:

> "A tutor who tooted the flute
> Tried to teach two young tooters to toot.
> Said the two to the tutor,
> 'Is it harder to toot, or
> To tutor two tooters to toot?' "

Oliver Herford's amusing pictures add much to the merriment of the book.

Japanese children deserve to pose as models for imitation if we may consider typical the delightfully well-bred boys of 'Tora's Happy Day,' by Florence Peltier Perry (The Alliance Publishing Co.). This little story, in giving an account of one day in a Japanese boy's life, pictures his home surroundings, where prevails that atmosphere of repose and beauty which the West can admire even if hopeless to attain. The illustrations are, appropriately, in Japanese style, by Gaingero Yeto.

In Chimney Corners. By Seumas MacManus. Doubleday & McClure Co.

The Other Fellow. By F. Hopkinson Smith. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Via Crucis. By Francis Marion Crawford. Macmillan.

"Some of them do not find their fortune.

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They never come. Their mothers in Ireland still cry, The door is open and the hearth bright. If this book happen into the hands of any of these, their tears will moisten its merriest page; for . . . they shall remember, . . . they shall remember."

These words, from the preface to Seumas MacManus's fairy-tales, show him at once in his most poetic mood and his most literary. In the stories that follow, of giants and princesses, each with its wild Irish boy with his joke, his drink, and his lie, there is less poetry than in most fairy history, but more drollery and invention. Thus, we find Bluebeard restoring to life all his murdered wives and sending them home, except the one whom he has found incurious enough not to open the closet, or rather whom he thinks so, for, with characteristic jugglery, she has outwitted him and has secretly unlocked the door like all the rest. Blood flows more light-heartedly and whiskey more seriously than in the witch and ogre tales of other lands. Irish Jack's victories over the powers of darkness, though frequently gained by the magic sword, helmet, and purse, are quite as often the fruit of his own ingenious and strictly Celtic devices. The little people, the bogies, and hen-wives are kind and helpful, but we almost think Rory could win the princess without them, so brimful of resource is his merry head. The horse that "had only three legs drawing pay," the team that "it was a moral to see," are among the novelties that endear themselves at once to the heart. Why essay a criticism on a book of fairy and witch stories? It is too much like peeping and botanizing on a mother's grave. Why preach against the killing and cozening, the folly and flatness of the adventures handed down in folk-lore? It is too much like indicting the universe. Pamela Colman Smith's gay-hued illustrations enter fully into the spirit of the text. They look as if they might have been frescoes on the nursery walls of little Irish princesses in the good old days when Ireland had half a dozen kings in every county, "a lee long time ago."

Mr. Hopkinson Smith displays a varied gallery of sketches of 'Other Fellows'—tramps, convicts, and orphans—treating them as sympathetically and as picturesquely as he does Venice, Mexico, or Holland. If he has chosen to put aureoles around their heads, we shall not quarrel with him; they are aureoles of possible gold, not impossible tinsel. Scattered among these tendency drawings are some engaging landscapes; the chapter on Dort is particularly delicate and delightful. A grotesque portrait or two complete the exhibition. We own that among these we class the "Man with the Empty Sleeve," in spite of his heroism. Whether in life or in print, the American on an ocean liner who shouts glittering generalities about the sweet sinlessness of Americans, is a nuisance whom it were flattery to call a bore.

There is nothing more restful than a romance by Mr. Crawford. However stirring his theme, it is always dealt with in a tone of gentlemanly leisure and lofty emancipation from the spirit that hurries, a spirit even more rampant than that which denies. A book like 'Via Crucis' recalls the little girl on the sea sands who said, "We're having a good time and we've time to have it." We sit at home at ease, like gentlemen of England, and read of treason, murder, and sins most foul, treated with no ethical uncertainty, indeed, but with literary patrician calm. The story is of the Second Crusade, preached by Bernard of Clairvaux, and undertaken by Louis VII. of France and Conrad III. of Germany. This Crusade it was which Louis's beautiful queen, Eleanor of Guienne, afterwards the wife of Henry Plantagenet, accompanied with her train of ladies. The hero of the romance is the English Gilbert, who conducted the French safely into Syria, surmounting the treacheries of the Greek guides who had led the Germans to slaughter. The loves he inspired in the Queen and in his English playmate, Beatrix, add their clashing to the turmoil of war. Yet it is not all war; there is monkish leisure and learning; there is St. Bernard's preaching, and Arnold of Brescia followed and adored by a Roman mob in the Rome which Mr. Crawford's pen is potent to make us see in any period. There are the sports and occupations of peaceful times, the costumes, the tennis, the illuminating and the letter-sealing of the twelfth century, the knighting of brave men by a queen, and the keeping of Christmas by Crusaders in their encampment by the Mæander. To speak the language of the stage, the story is gorgeously mounted, and there is quite enough of interest in the historic atmosphere to insure leniency to the somewhat unsteady ebb and flow of the love-story.

Recollections of an Old Musician. By Thomas Ryan. E. P. Dutton & Co.

"I was for many years the youngest musician in Boston; now, perhaps, I am the oldest, and still in harness." In these words the author characterizes himself, and he expresses his belief that, as he may "fairly be considered a type of the average professional musician," his reminiscences, covering half a century, may have some interest. Mr. Ryan is too modest. He is much above the average professional musician, and he has had many more opportunities than the average musician for becoming intimately acquainted with eminent men and women. As a member of the famous Mendelssohn Quintet Club he often spent days and weeks in the company of artists of the highest rank, such as Rubinstein, Wieniawski, Nilsson, etc., and concerning all of them he has some pleasant chat. On the numerous concert trips, too, he not only saw nearly all of the United States, but extended his travels as far as Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand; and these distant tours are briefly commemorated with pen and picture.

After his marriage Mr. Ryan became a neighbor of William Lloyd Garrison, of whose family life he gives a pleasant glimpse, and there are occasional references to other non-musicians—Agassiz, for instance, whose time was so precious that he "could not afford to work for money." Among the musicians to whom the author introduces us are Jenny Lind, Sontag, Alboni, Adelaide Phillips, Camilla Urso, Teresa Carreño, Ole Bull, Lowell Mason, John Dwight, Wulf Fries, B. J. Lang, Carl Zerrahn, J. K. Paine, Johann Strauss, Julius Eichberg, Otto Dresel, Ernst Perabo, with Oliver Ditson, Jonas Chickering, etc.; in most cases with some anecdote or trait of character. The romance of Jullien's life is related at some length, as is the story of Gilmore's monstrous "jubilees." A great many sins used to be committed in the name of music, and one cannot but admire the missionary spirit of the few musicians who travelled about the country trying to cultivate a taste for serious art in a public whose appreciation of that art is, perhaps, best gauged by an incident related on page 15. The orchestra in which Mr. Ryan played had a piece called the "Matrimonial Galop," in which one of the musicians blew into a little instrument that gave out a sound like the cry of a baby. One evening this instrument was mislaid, and the best the band could do was to get a fiddler to imitate the cry. This, however, did not satisfy the audience; "a howl of derision and rage went up, equal to anything ever heard in a menagerie." Mr. Ryan also recalls the time when Broadway was like the Bowery, with Barnum's brass band playing all day long on a high balcony opposite the Astor House.

As an offset to these bits of comedy, the author has a pathetic story of a consumptive whose life was sustained by the hope of hearing the club play for him Schubert's marvellous variations on "Death and the Maiden." The appended remark that "this unique master work of Schubert has always been the one oftenest asked for," indicates that there was, after all, a considerable leaven of good taste in the communities among which the Mendelssohn Quintet Club travelled. Indeed, at one concert a portly German got up after the first piece and shouted, "Hurrah for the Dutch"—which Mr. Ryan, an Irishman, did not take amiss. It may be added that the Mendelssohn Quintet Club had its origin in the ordinance which, up to about 1850, did not allow any theatrical performances in Boston on Saturdays. This gave the players a holiday which they utilized in playing chamber music, at first for their own amusement.

Matthew Arnold. By George Saintsbury, M.A. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1899.

We all know Mr. Saintsbury and the kind of book he is sure to write—something opinionated, even cocksure, under the guise of endless qualification and limitation; bristling with allusion and comparison, the more or less digested result of tireless and varied reading; informed, however, with a lively feeling for what is most literary and poetical in literature and poetry, and presenting a series of ideas which, as they run, are always interesting and provocative; the whole set forth in a style so strained and twisted and unsimple as to be incredible coming even from a professorial mind.

So once again this book, which in all these respects is about the extremest thing Mr. Saintsbury has yet done. For, in the first place, Mr. Saintsbury had no call to write a book upon Matthew Arnold, his preface to the contrary notwithstanding; the attraction of opposites is poor promise of good criticism. And, in the second place, he has written it very badly. There is far too much of Mr. Saintsbury in it, and far too little of Matthew Arnold. Mr. Saintsbury does not catch the style of causerie. He tries hard, but he fails. His manner remains lumbering, and he is still the journalist reviewer. He is extremely jaunty and Tory and superior. Where he is not trying a fall, he condescends to patronize his sub-

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ject. "*Despondency* is, a pretty piece of melancholy, and, with a comfortable stool, will suit a man well" (p. 32). He imputes motives: "Whether that rather vague life-philosophy of his, that erection of a melancholy agnosticism *plus* asceticism into a creed, was anything more than a not ungraceful or undignified will-worship of Pride, we need not here argue out" (p. 26); "The windy vagaries of mental indigestion" (p. 29; cf. 38, 87, 144)—and much more of the like. In places it is simply a matter of bad taste, as where we are told that Mr. Arnold's famous passage of prose laudation of Oxford, in the preface to 'Essays in Criticism,' while pleasing to the friends of Oxford, "turns generation after generation of her enemies sick with an agonized grin" (p. 84); or in the grace and point of the following school-boy sarcasm:

"That Shakspere knew everything is much more certain than that miracles do happen; and he certainly knew Mr. Arnold's case, if not Mr. Arnold, when he introduced a certain main episode in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.' To frown on *Oberon* and caress *Bottom* is venial compared with the dismissal of the Bible as popular legend, and the implicit belief in *as, bhu,* and *sta*" (p. 142, cf. 89, 152, 176, 203).

This it is to be always straining to say the smart thing. This is what comes from the contamination of always living with the smart set in letters or in society.

The good portions of the book, revealing the hand of the practised critic, are the scattered pages—the few not biassed by partisanship or infected with flippancy—in which the author reviews those poems and those essays of Mr. Arnold with which he feels himself in some sort of sympathy. These pages are, alas! too few.

Mr. Saintsbury's serious criticism of Matthew Arnold (except of Matthew Arnold as poet and as literary critic) is not to be treated very seriously. It is too obviously partisan and personal. There remains Mr. Saintsbury's style, which is seriously very bad and a menace to good letters and to the peace of English prose. We cannot present a bill of particulars here, but the matter needs looking into. If you read his book, these are such phrases as you must ordinarily expect to meet:

"The well-known complementary pieces which make up Switzerland were either not written, or held back" (p. 17).

"The new Professor of Poetry (who might be less appetisingly but more correctly called a Professor of Criticism)" (p. 60).

"The attitude *dantis jura Catonis* is arranged" (p. 81).

"Mr. Arnold as an epistoler" (p. 101).

"His adversaries, if they were wise, would simply answer, 'Après?'" (p. 135).

"'Replies, duplies, quadruplies' are apt to be wofully tedious reading, and Mr. Arnold was rather a *veles* than a *triarius* of controversy" (p. 138).

"Ah! what a blessed word is 'humanisation,' the very equivalent, in syllables as in blessedness, of 'Mesopotamia'" (p. 157).

"Our poor dying *siècle*" (p. 170).

"Mr. Arnold's development as a *zoon politicon*" (p. 171).

"The refuge of his own undogmatic *Nephelococcygia*" (p. 175).

"The whole paper . . . is a sort of Nunc Dimittis in a new sense, a hymn of praise for dismissal, not from but to work . . ." (p. 177).

"Not a grain too much or too little of that *moi* so *haïssable* in excess, so piquant as a mere seasoning" (p. 182).

"But this is only saying that a bad Introduction is a bad thing, which does not get us much beyond the intellectual edification of the niece of Gorboduc" (p. 184).

"He is in the mere 'Pettys' of criticism . . . who judges a critical essay by his own agreement with it" (p. 186).

"And so he makes what even those who stop short of *latreia* in regard to Burns may well think mistakes about that poet likewise" (p. 192).

Is this the sort of learnedly lively writing that young Edinburgh is to give us for the future?

The "Conclusion" is better than the rest of the book, and contains some very good criticism.

The Tragedy of Dreyfus. By G. W. Steevens, author of 'With Kitchener to Khartum.' Harpers. 1899.

We have here a newspaper correspondent's book, which tells nothing new, but is an endeavor to present a great event as a contemporary Macaulay might have done. The very title betrays the author's preoccupation. He was sent to Rennes to find a "tragedy" and make a "pen picture" of it. He goes there—to "the emotional centre of France"—and is amazed to find the place asleep. In fact, "for the moment I was the life of Rennes, the emotional centre of France." Not for long. Soon "the enterprise of French and English newspapers had glutted the hotels with correspondents and artists and the operators of cinematographs," all "waiting with fierce and concentrated energy." A little later, the journalists appear to have become "95 per cent. of the population of Rennes." They now assume the impatience of an Uitlander majority at being compelled by the authorities to patrol the streets all night for a glimpse of Dreyfus's cab, in default of his being considerately brought before them at a five o'clock levee. It requires Mr. Dooley's hearty mockery to put such pretensions in their proper place. Never have they been more naïvely asserted.

Mr. Steevens, picturesquely as he can write when he is careful, was not the man to report a trial. He cannot forget the desert, the great guns, and the slaughter of Dervishes, or change the key of his picture. We have the white light of the Sahara beating on it all the time. It is crude, hard, bad. Dreyfus first speaks in a voice, "thin, sapless, split," "such as might rustle from the lips of a corpse." Later, "before us all, Dreyfus tore his very heart out. He was no corpse."

"God, what was that? What is it? A yell, fierce and poignant; the bursting of furious passion tight pent up! It ripped the calm to pieces and you half expected the hall to split asunder. Dreyfus was upon his feet, . . . his head and livid face craned forward at Mercier, his teeth bared as thirsty for blood. . . . It was half shriek, half sob, half despair, half snatching hope, half a fire of consuming rage; and half an anguished scream for pity," etc.

Before Mr. Steevens reaches the climax of the conviction, he becomes incoherent for very lack of words in which to sustain the crescendo of such emotions. As Col. Jouaust might remark, *il bégaie.*

Perhaps because accuracy little becomes a great "word-painter"—perhaps because his publishers, realizing (to quote Mr. Dooley again) that Dreyfus was like to sink deeper than treason and become a bore, dispensed with a proof-reader in haste to catch the public before it became wholly sober—the book comes out crammed with errors. In the English text they matter little. In the French they are so frequent as to cast doubt on the accuracy of stated facts themselves. We have the hero of the piece masquerading as *Dreyful!* And we recognize old friends under the disguises of *Demagne, Caviagnac, Boisdoffre, Piqart,* and *Ballotin Beaupré,* with the pleased surprise with which one makes out the English of a Swiss innkeeper. From this we are led to notice variants of other familiar words—*stagiairé, conciergé, borderaeu,* and the free renderings of the same name, as Valérian, Valérien; Matthieu, Mathieu; Blanch, Blanche; Esperance, Espérance; Esperanza, Speranza; Cochefert, Gochefort, Cochefort; Sheurer Kestner, Sheurer-Kestner, Scheurer Kestner, Scheurer-Kestner; Lebrun-Renaud, Le Brun-Renault; d'Attell, d'Attel; de Gastro, de Castro; Bernard Lazare, Bernard-Lazare; Du Paty, du Paty; la Sauté, la Santé, etc. This is equalled only by the sweet indifference with which a French writer spells English proper names. A grisly portrait of Dreyfus, that should please only his enemies, adds to the faults of this unhappy book.

Westminster Abbey Historically Described. By Henry John Feasey. With an account of the Abbey buildings by J. T. Micklethwaite, V.P.S.A., an appendix on the Mediæval Monuments by Edward Bell, M.A., F.S.A., and seventy-five plates. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. 1899.

The preface of this book states plainly that its purpose is to give to the student or lover of Gothic architecture a view of "the noblest ecclesiastical building in England," as it now is; and this with the assistance of a great number of photographic views made by Messrs. Bolas and others expressly for the work. It is, therefore, no disparagement to the archæologists who have worked upon the text to call special attention to the plates. These are seventy-five in number, 9x11 inches; and the student needs hardly to be told that even so noble a building as Westminster Abbey can be fairly well studied in seventy-five large pictures, used in connection with a good plan, such as this book offers. This might not be equally true of a great French building of the same relative rank, for there the extraordinary wealth of sculpture calls for a vast number of photographs of single statues, groups of statues, masses of foliated and floral carving, and great members of the building with their decorative sculpture all in its appointed place. In Westminster Abbey there is so very little sculpture of any sort that photographs do not require to be made especially for this. Take, for instance, Chartres Cathedral; if seventy-five pictures were to be made of that church, equivalent to what has been taken of Westminster Abbey as shown in this volume, there would still be required as many more to illustrate properly the sculptured porches alone.

Students of Gothic architecture esteem and love Westminster Abbey in quite an exceptional way. Mr. Charles Herbert Moore, in his admirable book recently reviewed for the second time in these columns, points out that it is, "after the choir of Lincoln, the most Gothic structure in England." It is this because of its constructional character, the systematic and logical vaulting, with the inferior parts of the building leading naturally and in the true Gothic way up to its vaulting, and with little of that ex-

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traneous or even contradictory work the prevalence of which goes far to justify that writer's contention that the pointed architecture of England is hardly to be called Gothic at all. Westminster Abbey, in its main structure, its choir, nave, and transept, and all other details, is, if we ignore the barbarous restorations and rebuildings of parts of the exterior, the most important mediæval building in the British Islands. For students of the picturesque, of the truly effective and powerful in architecture, whether of the purest style and of the best epoch or not, Westminster Abbey has also its almost unrivalled Tudor structure, the famous Chapel of Henry VIII. This building, a mere addition to the great Abbey Church, but yet in itself a most remarkable monument, contains one of the three large fan-traceried roofs in England, the other two being those of St. George's Chapel at Windsor and King's College Chapel at Cambridge. It has, moreover, what those important buildings have not, an entirely characteristic Tudor exterior. This remains true in spite of the almost complete refacing which the building has undergone; for the architectural detail in the heraldic carving of the Tudor epoch is not so delicate that it cannot be copied, and, while one would be glad to possess the original exterior, the existing exterior has its interest, hardly diminished by its admitted inferiority of detail.

Westminster Abbey has also a most interesting and precious body of accessory buildings, not only many chapels, but a most beautiful and effective chapter-house and cloister of almost unparalleled interest, minor courtyards and buildings no longer wholly in their original condition, but still full of instruction for the careful student. The doorways and flights of steps, porches, and vestibules leading from one part of the structure to another, and the familiar large architectural details, are of extraordinary value; and the building has been so carefully and patiently repaired, and the records of these repairs so minutely kept by the public-spirited men who have had charge of the building and of its reconstruction during the last fifty years, that the student of mediæval architecture need not be led astray. And this essential condition is aided by the utterly absurd character of the earlier and larger restorations, such as that of the western towers. All this is true; and in saying this there has been no mention of the sepulchral monuments, for which the church has its especially popular fame and in which it is, of course, unrivalled.

The collotype process never gives results which are wholly pleasing. The woolly texture, as of a coarsely worked lithograph, annoys the architectural student extremely. The more eager any one is to study details, the more is he vexed by the lack of clear definition. It is hard to understand what is meant in the preface by the claim set up for "a degree of definition only limited by the texture of the paper on which they are printed." If this is a roundabout way of saying that the process does not allow of minute definition, it will pass; but it seems odd that attention should have been called to the matter of "definition" at all. The difficulties in the way are well known. Photographs of the old fashion, printed on albumen paper, and the more recent modifications of the simple old process, give perfect definition; but they are known to be more or less perishable, and they require to be mounted; moreover, they never cease shrinking and trying to curl up, and the mounts are forced to follow them. The beautiful Parisian photo-engravings seem to be impracticable in the case of any undertaking not originating in Paris; but the valuable plates in recent English and German works like Gotch's 'English Renaissance' and Belcher and Macartney's 'Later Renaissance' are surely within the reach of the publishers of so fine a book as this. The negatives are the result of excellent judgment in the choice of subject and of point of view, and this makes it the more vexatious that they could not have been rendered in more perfect prints. They are imperfect, however, merely in this one matter of clearness of minute detail; in other respects they are extremely valuable plates, and, with an index, which they need fully as much as the text, but which any one can produce for himself, will serve to make the study of the church easy and pleasant.

The text is not very voluminous, and would not, by itself, make a very large book, for it consists of only 106 pages—in large quarto form, but also in large print. Mr. Feasey's contribution occupies more than half of the book, and is divided into four chapters: the Founding of the Abbey, in which a large amount of legendary romance enters; the History of the Abbey, in which there is little concerning the building; and in which, moreover, that which may properly be called history is less considerable than that which is more properly to be denoted as anecdote or even as gossip; the account of the Dissolution under Henry VIII. and the effect which that scandalous performance had upon the Abbey; and a chapter entitled "The Building," in which the history of the Abbey is gone through again with special reference to the church edifice itself. Mr. Micklethwaite's contribution, thirty pages long, is an analysis of the Abbey buildings, and to the architectural student this is the most valuable part of the work. There is a pleasant frankness of confession as to what cannot be absolutely ascertained, and a very proper hesitation to decide off-hand that upon which competent scholars disagree. Finally, a chapter twenty-five pages long is devoted to the mediæval tombs in the Abbey; these being very properly distinguished from the later monuments, whose place in history is in the guide-book, rather than in an analysis of the Abbey itself. A monument erected at any time before the accession of Henry VII., or even during his reign, has a right to be named as almost an integral part of the Abbey; but those of later time, even the picturesque and spirited tombs of Elizabeth's reign, are too much out of architectural unity to need mention in a volume as exclusively devoted to Gothic architecture as is this one.

Explorations in the Far North. By Frank Russell. Being the Report of an Expedition under the Auspices of the University of Iowa during the Years 1892, 1893, and 1894. 8vo, pp. 290. Illustrated. Iowa City: Published by the University.

Present conditions in Arctic North America are well set forth in this volume, and, by comparison with those outlined in the older literature, they furnish means of determining the changes that have affected the inhabitants of the region during the last century and a half. The book is an interesting narrative of personal experience; it is also the record of a collecting expedition to secure representatives of the wild animals of the frozen northland, and to gather anything else possible in the way of specimens and notes that might be of scientific interest. The work was done under the direction of Prof. C. C. Nutting for the Iowa University, by which institution the present report is published. To the student of natural history and to the ethnologist the publication is especially valuable. Inclusive of stoppages, and hunting trips of varying lengths at different localities, the route is traced from Edmonton on the Northern Pacific Railroad to the Athabasca River, down the river to Lake Athabasca, through the Slave River to the Great Slave Lake, off to the northeastward for the musk ox of the barren grounds between the Coppermine River and Bathurst Inlet; back to the Mackenzie River and down to its mouth, and through the Arctic Ocean, Bering Sea, and the Pacific Ocean to San Francisco. Mr. Russell took no party with him; from time to time he hired one or more of the Indians of the different tribes, or, adopting their methods of life and travel, joined a hunting party in one direction or another. In this manner he secured an important series of notes on customs, folk-lore, etc., of the various natives encountered—Crees, Slaveys, Dog-ribs, Yellow Knives, Loucheux, and Eskimos—with a fine collection of implements and articles of dress. Feasting with them on their wedding, holiday, or other occasions, starving with them in seasons of scarcity, paddling with them through their rivers and lakes, or tramping with them for hundreds of miles across the snowy wastes, months and months without a bath unless by accident through the ice, with the mercury many degrees below zero, in their lodges or out of them—the author never very closely sympathized with his companions; he was always an outsider taking notes. Those curious to know the reason for the commonly reported greater success of the Dominion Government in its treatment of the Indian question, as compared with that of the United States, will find from the data at hand that the differences are not in the agents or in the white frontiersmen, but in the quality of the Indians dealt with, and also will find that, so far as the results on the red men are concerned, the Canadian has no reason whatever for self-gratulation.

The series of animals brought home and the notes relating to them were very satisfactory; the author's experiences in collecting are much better to read than to have lived through.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A Moral Alphabet. London: Edward Arnold. 3s. 6d.

A New Divinity, and Other Stories. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.

Arnold, H. P. Historic Side-Lights. Harper & Bros.

Aubrey, F. A Queen of Atlantis. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50.

Austin, J. O. The Journal of William Jefferay, Gentleman. Providence, R. I.: The Author.

Baker, Mary B., and Crawford, A. Animal Jokes. R. H. Russell. $1.25.

Barr, Amelia E. Trinity Bells. J. F. Taylor & Co. $1.50.

Barrett, W., and Barron, E. In Old New York. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.

Beck, F. V. The Three Bears. R. H. Russell. $1.50.

Bell, M. Rembrandt van Rijn and his Work. Macmillan. $12.

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Bicknell, E. Territorial Acquisitions of the United States. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.
Bok, E. Successward. Doubleday & McClure Co. 50c.
Bouvé, Pauline C. Their Shadows Before. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.25.
Braine, Sheila. The Princess of Hearts. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.
Bullard, Dr. F. D. The Apistophilon. Chicago: R. R. Donnelley & Sons Co.
Bunyan, J. Grace Abounding. Cassell & Co. 10c.
Butterworth, H. The Treasure Ship. D. Appleton & Co.
Butterworth, H. The Story of Magellan. D. Appleton & Co.
Caird, Rev. J. The Fundamental Ideas of Christianity. 2 vols. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons; New York: Macmillan.
Canavan, M. J. Ben Comee. Macmillan. $1.50.
Carlyle, T. Critical and Miscellaneous Essays. [Centenary ed.] Charles Scribner's Sons. Vol. 4. $1.25.
Carret, Mary B. The Little Heroes of Matanzas. Boston: J. H. West Co. 50c.
Carrington, F. The King's Lyrics. R. H. Russell. 75c.
Chamberlin, J. E. John Brown. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 25c.
Cheyne, Rev. T. K., and Black, Prof. J. S. Encyclopædia Biblica. Macmillan. Vol. I.
Cholmondeley, Mary. Red Pottage. Harper & Bros.
Clark, H. S. The Legionaries. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co.
Colorado in Color and Song. Denver: F. S. Thayer.
Comfort, W. L. Trooper Tales. Street & Smith.
Complete Poetical Works and Letters of John Keats. (Cambridge Edition.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.
Converse, J. B. Uncle Sam's Bible. Chicago: Schulte Pub. Co.
Cook, Jane E. The Sculptor Caught Napping. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.
Coulter, J. W. The Larger Faith. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co. $1.
Crawford, F. M. Via Crucis. The Macmillan Co.
Crompton, Frances E. The Voyage of the Mary Adair. London: Ernest Nister; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.
Dana, J. M. The Wider View. Putnams. $1.50.
Demoor, J., Massart, J., Vandervelde, E. Evolution by Atrophy in Biology and Sociology. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Dickson, H. The Black Wolf's Breed. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co.
Dix, Beulah M. Soldier Rigdale. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Donnelly, I. The Cipher in the Plays and on the Tombstone. Minneapolis: Verulam Pub. Co.
Douglas, Sir G. James Hogg. Charles Scribner's Sons. 75c.
Doyle, Dr. C. W. The Shadow of Quong Lung. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Drew, Mrs. John. Autobiography. With introduction by John Drew. Scribners. $1.50.
Dugan, Caro A. The King's Jester. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Dyde, Prof. S. W. The Theætetus of Plato. Glasgow: J. MacLehose & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $1.40.
Evans, E. Botany for Beginners. Macmillan.
Ewing, Prof. J. A. The Strength of Materials. Macmillan.
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